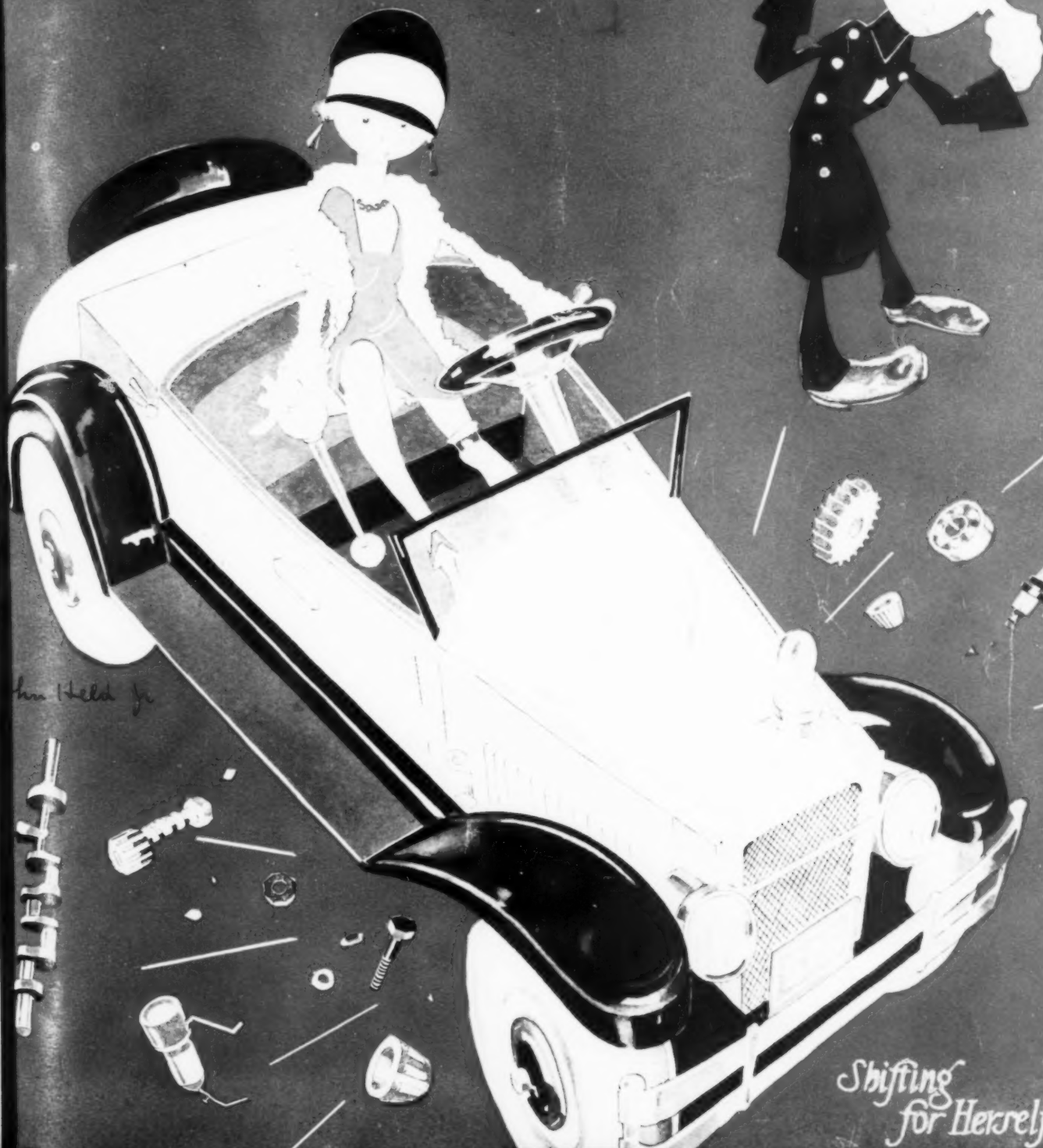


January 13
1927

Life

Price
15 cents

AUTOMOBILE
NUMBER



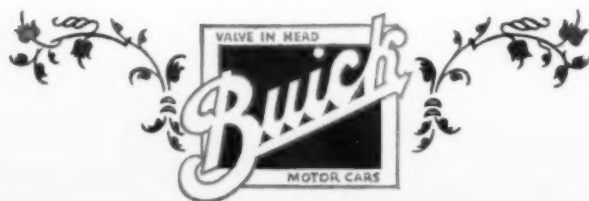
John Held Jr.

*Shifting
for Herself*

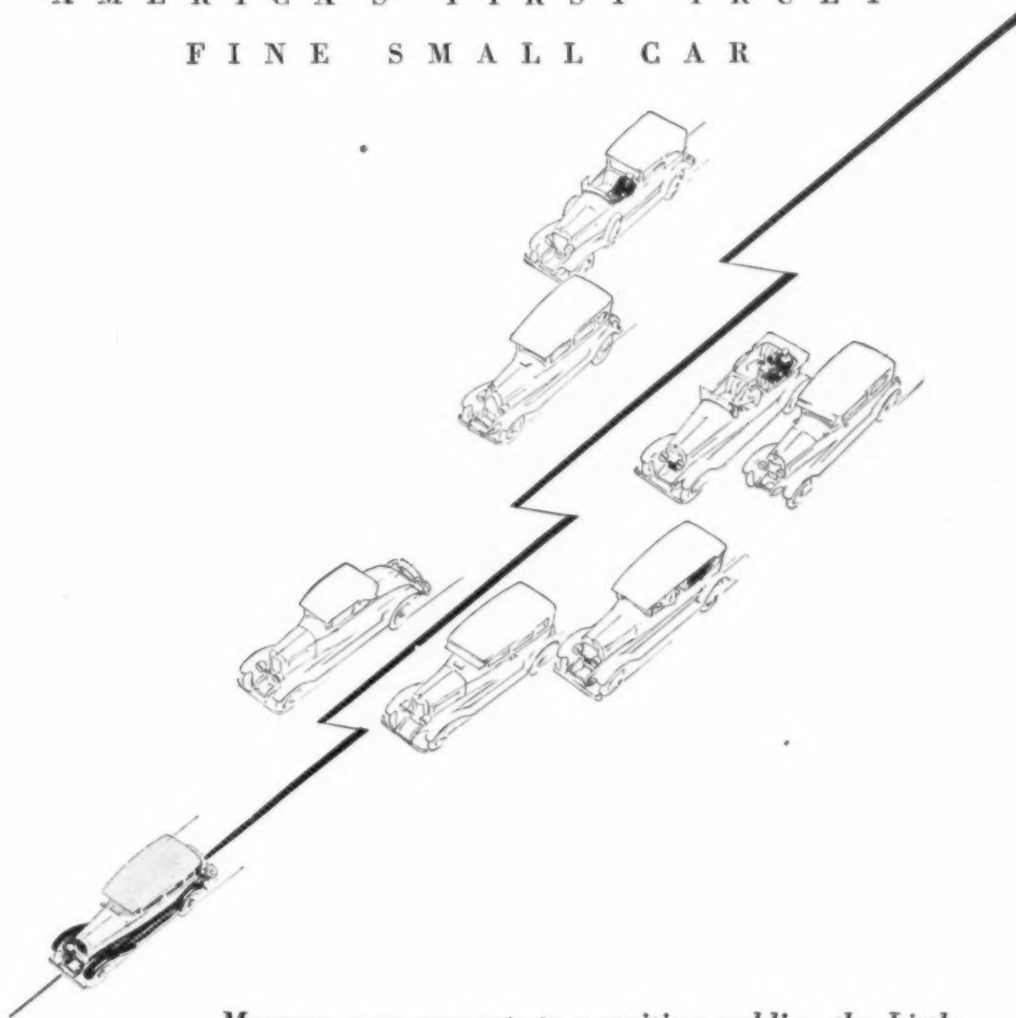


*f*or nine consecutive years Buick has been first in volume of sales among all the members of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. Only a very superior motor car could have established its leadership so conclusively.

THE GREATEST **BUICK** EVER BUILT
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



AMERICA'S FIRST TRULY
FINE SMALL CAR



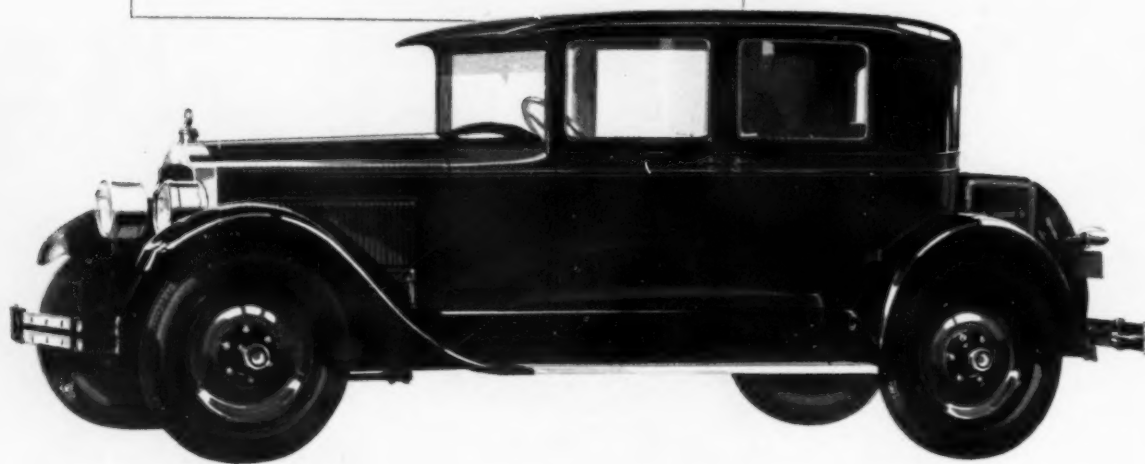
Marmon now presents to a waiting public—the Little Marmon — On view at leading automobile shows throughout the country — It represents an entirely new and advanced type of transportation—a truly fine and distinguished car compacted — Eight cylinders in line — 70 honest miles per hour — 18 to 22 miles per gallon of gasoline — Ease of operation never before approached in any automobile — All standard models under \$2000



Companion Car to the Marmon Series Seventy-five



"The supreme combination of
all that is fine in motor cars."



Flexibility • To say that the improved Packard Six now has forty per cent more power, does not adequately impress its truly remarkable performance.

To add that even the largest closed models, fully loaded, will easily reach 75 miles an hour does not sufficiently explain the enthusiasm of new owners. For few men wish to use such speed.

But translated in daily use, this surplus power, this capability of great speed,

means supreme flexibility—a thrilling, effortless response to the driver's will—a lithe agility in traffic and on hills, previously unknown. It means easy, restful driving—the constant delight of smooth, silent motion which recaptures the lost zest of motor travel.

With this matchless new performance added to its traditional comfort, beauty and distinction, the improved Packard Six is converting new thousands to the economy of fine car ownership.

P A C K A R D

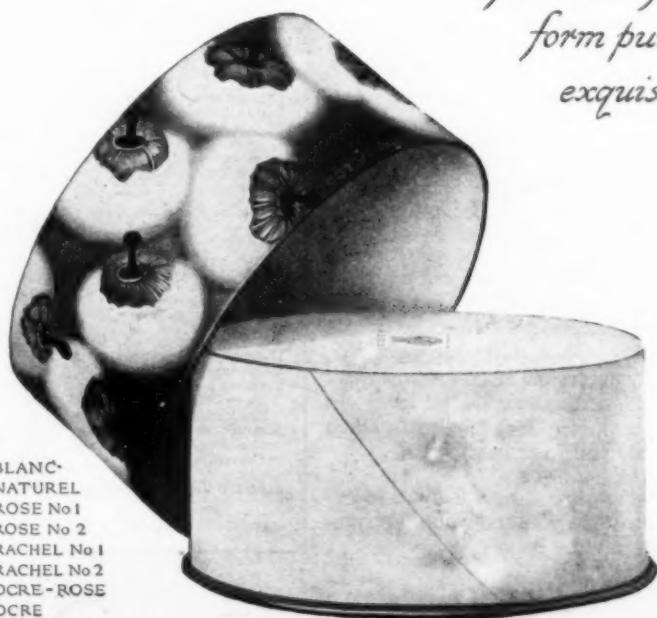
A S K T H E M A N W H O O W N S O N E



LES POUDRES COTY

THE SUPREMACY OF PERFECTION

*Women who delight in luxuries,
— who cherish their beauty
— know Les Poudres COTY
for the perfect Face Powder.
Invariably, it is to be seen on
their dressing tables — because
of its rich fragrance, its uni-
form purity, its delicate,
exquisite fineness.*



BLANC-
NATUREL
ROSE No 1
ROSE No 2
RACHEL No 1
RACHEL No 2
OCRE-ROSE
OCRE

IN ALL THE COTY ODEURS

"ROUGE"
*A booklet illustrated by
CHARLES DANA GIBSON
mailed upon request*

COTY INC.
714 Fifth Avenue, New York
CANADA — 35 McGill College Ave., Montreal
Address "Dept. L 1-13"

Tuck him in— Safe



WHAT a joy it is to tuck him in his warm, fleecy blankets—happy in the thought that everything that can be done to keep him safe from harm has been done.

FORTUNATE are the mothers of today. They can tuck their babies in bed and rest secure in the knowledge that many of childhood's greatest enemies need never touch them. For one thing, their babies probably will never have smallpox. These wise mothers have seen to it that their little ones are protected by vaccination.

How different it was before vaccination was discovered. Then mothers were powerless against this terrible disease. Among children who died, under 10 years of age, smallpox was responsible for one out of three deaths. Smallpox was more prevalent than measles. Few escaped and the children suffered most. Over and over again it swept the world, leaving its thousands of dead, thousands cruelly disfigured, thousands blind and deaf.

Then came the history-changing discovery—vaccination—and the number of deaths from smallpox went down and down. The end would have been reached but for the well-meaning, but misinformed persons who clamored that "vaccination is a crime"—that "sunshine and cleanliness, not vaccination, drive out smallpox".

If such reckless statements are believed and parents do not have their children

vaccinated, smallpox may again attack the children as it did a little more than a century ago. In certain parts of the country, smallpox among children is again on the increase!

In the past, when arm to arm inoculation was common and persons were inoculated direct from smallpox patients, there were many deaths following attempts at prevention. Today, vaccination is safe. The only mishaps that can occur are due to carelessness in protecting the vaccinated area. The vaccine now used is produced under the control and supervision of the United States Government.

Smallpox comes from unsuspected sources. Because it takes 12 days to develop, it is possible for immigrants or returning travellers to bring smallpox into the country with them.

Smallpox can be stamped out only by systematic vaccination. Every child should be vaccinated before he is one year old and again during school years. Immunity wears off in time—anywhere from five to fifteen years—and leaves one again susceptible. Is it more than seven years since you were vaccinated?

Now—before the danger is upon you—make sure that you and yours are properly protected. Be safe.

Before the Philippine Islands were occupied by the American Army in 1898, thousands of persons died from smallpox every year. Vaccination carried on under the direction of Army officials drove smallpox down to only 273 deaths in one year.

Then came a period when vaccination of children was neglected. As a result, the worst epidemic of modern times broke out in 1918-19 with 60,855 deaths—75 per cent of which were of children under 9 years of age.

Our 48 states can be classified in three groups—those in which vaccination is compulsory, those in which it is optional and those which have no laws for vaccination.

Statistics show the lowest average number of cases per 100,000 of population in the "compulsory" states, the next highest average in the "optional" states and the highest in the "no-law" states.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, without cost, booklets which give the facts—"Smallpox" and "The Story of Edward Jenner", the man who discovered vaccination. Send for them.

HALEY FISKE, President.



Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Life

To a Coddled Coupé

Lines of Exasperation

YOU pampered, petted, temperamental car,
You upstart with your own importance smitten,
You autocratic, automotive czar,
Demanding more attention than a kitten—
Your needs we all must serve with fervent unction
Before Your Highness even deigns to function.

Such slaves as I must spend our days in toil;
And evenings to your many wants we cater;
We slake your thirsty throat with engine oil
And give you gas to feed your carburetor.
At times when you grow obstinate we crank you,
Without your even sparing us a thank you!

My little son is not so hard on shoes
(Although sometimes the rascal kicks a toe out)
But you, sweet-tempered wagon, always choose
A rainy night to have your little blow-out.
You helpless mass of shimmering resplendence—
Wake up! Achieve a little independence!

Arthur L. Lippmann.

What They Expect in a Car

THE SPEED-DEMON—Gangway!
The Family Man—An occasional chance at it.
The Traffic Cop—No back-talk.
The College Man—Fifteen passengers.
The Taxi Driver—A forgotten wallet once in a while.
The Flapper—Affection and respect.

A. M. S.

THERE'S something about girls' legs these days—
but it isn't clothes.

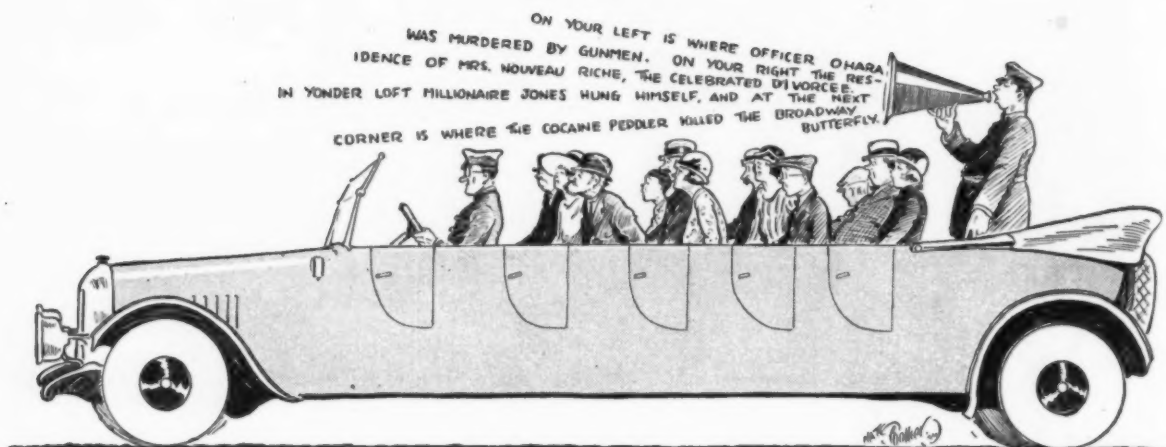
Logical Deduction

CREDIT MANAGER: Do you own a car?
APPLICANT FOR CREDIT: No.
(Credit manager writes, "Has a car.")

SHEIK: I never knew what love was until now.
SHEBA: Neither did I, but this is about what I
thought it was.



Hard-boiled Traffic Cop: COME ON, BEN-HUR, THE ROMANS IS GAININ' ON YER.



Will It Come to This?

EXPLAINING HISTORIC POINTS OF INTEREST TO TABLOID NEWSPAPER READERS.

"She Was All Attention"

SHE: I'm simply *mad* to hear all about it—do tell me!

HE: Well, you see, we were just coming to that spot between—

SHE (with a blank expression): I just remembered that dress of mine; it hasn't come.

HE (floundering): You know that bad corner between the old church and Spotty's Lane where—

SHE: Oh, those *flowers* you sent—they were simply exquisite.

HE: And Jim was driving, you see, when—

SHE: How frightfully exciting—where did you say all this happened?

HE: Well, you see, we were just coming to that spot between—

SHE: Was that the door bell or the telephone, do you suppose?

HE: Well, you see, Jim was driving, and suddenly—

SHE: Did you hear anybody answer the door?

HE (perspiring visibly): Between the old lane and Spotty's Church we were just coming to Jim's driving when suddenly the door bell—

SHE: I'll bet it was the telephone! But where on earth did all this happen, I mean?

HE (dully): We were driving along between Spotty's Road and the old Lane Church when suddenly Jim—

SHE: It *was* the telephone, I'm certain!

HE (groggily): You know that bad turn between Spotty Jim's and this other machine we met when I was driving before we passed the old—

SHE: Honestly, my dear, I can't bear it—I mean I never heard anything so thrilling in my life!

Lloyd Mayer.

Can't Electrocute for That

THE defendant had just pleaded guilty to murdering his wife and was before the bar to be sentenced.

"Have you anything to say as to why the sentence of the Court should not be passed upon you?" asked the Judge.

"Nothing, Your Honor," said the prisoner quietly, "except that my wife always referred to the comic strips as 'the funnies.'"

"The Court considers that justifiable homicide; turn the prisoner loose and call the next case."

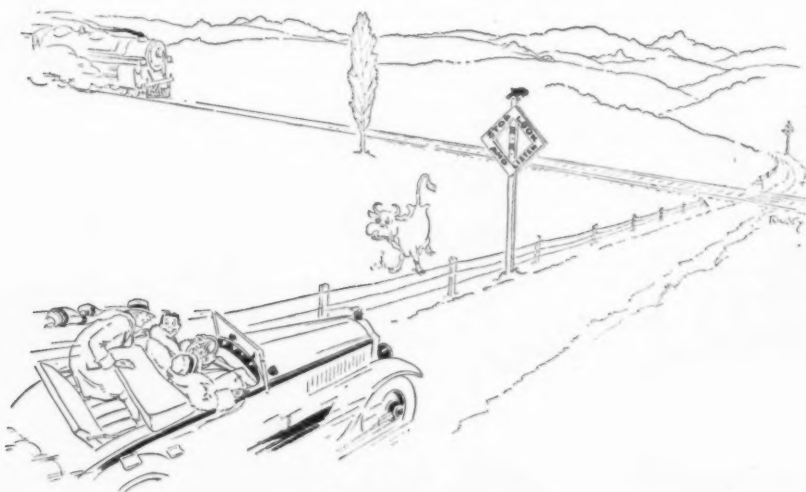
An Arabian Night

CAPTAIN OF THE FORTY THIEVES: What do you mean by crashing into our cave like this?

ALI BABA: It Mustapha been two other fellows.

EXAMPLE of useless expenditure—giving a new maid a ten-trip suburban ticket.

BOBBED hair is one of those things that grow on you.



The Sporting Instinct

"GIVE IT AN EVEN BREAK, JOE. WAIT TILL IT GETS TO THE TREE."

Such Fun!

"MY dear, we motored all the way to Boston, and I never had such a wonderful trip in my life! Oh, yes, of course it rained—it would have to rain that day of all

had a puncture or a blowout or something just this side of Hartford, and George and Will had to get out and fix it right there in the pouring rain and I never heard such language in all my life! I said to Will, I said, 'Will, if you can't drive a car and be a gentleman, too, why, you ought not to drive a car.' But it really was terribly funny! Really!

"Oh, and then something happened before we got into Worcester—the carbon or something broke down, you know, and we had to get a garage man and when he got through fooling around he charged Will thirty dollars! Well, my dear, that made Will simply blow up, and the way he talked to that garage man was a caution! But I said to him, I said, 'Will, the garage man probably knows his business, and you don't see me complaining, do you?' And Will gave me the nastiest look! But finally he had to pay, of course, and all the rest of the way to Boston we simply razzed



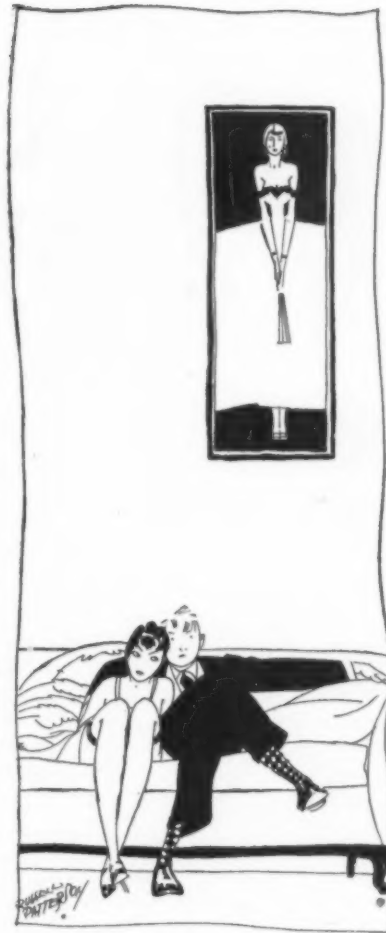
OFFICE OF THE MAN WHO THINKS UP THE LICENSE NUMBERS FOR AUTOMOBILES.

days! Oh, and that reminds me of the funniest thing! There was a little hole in the awning on top, you know, and Leila was under it and she was absolutely deluged! So she made George change seats with her and so George was deluged, too! I nearly died! Oh, and the funniest part of it was that George had his new suit on and he hadn't brought any raincoat and by the time we got to Boston he was the funniest-looking sight! I just had to scream! Oh, I almost forgot, we

the life out of him about it! "And then when we got to Boston it was so late that all the restaurants and hotel dining-rooms were closed and we had to eat at a funny little place where you sat on stools! And



Distracted Husband: 'WHERE DID MY WIFE DRIVE FROM HERE?'



Luella: WHY DO YOU ALWAYS KEEP ONE ARM FREE WHEN YOU NECK?

Casper: WELL, YOU SEE, SOME DAY I HOPE TO OWN A CAR.

the one George was sitting on had something the matter with it and it just collapsed and George got the most awful bump and we simply howled!

"Why, I wouldn't think of parting with that car for a million dollars!"

Tip Bliss.

Automobile Mathematics

ADVERTISED cost of the	
car	\$1199
Freight on buyer	241
War tax	182
Extra equipment	125
Insurance	200
Incidentals	75

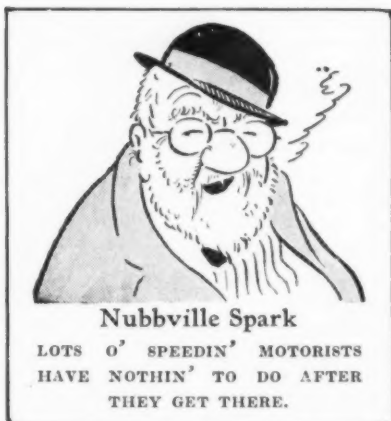
Actual cost of the car	\$2022
Cash paid down by the purchaser	25

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"MY dear, I'm SIMPLY LIVID—I mean I'm COMPLETELY nonPLUSSED because I mean I have NOT been asked to the Yale PROM yet and I mean if I am NOT asked I shall ACTually ROLL over and BUTter myself with FURY—I mean I HONestly WILL, my dear, because I mean I'm all hot and BOTHERED about it, I mean I ACTually AM! But, ANYways, my dear, I HONestly do not think that college men have any MANNERS any more because I mean I know this man at YALE who is on the PROM committee this YEAR, my dear, and I mean I thought he was perfectly SWEET and everything and I ASKED him to a HOUSE party because I mean I thought it was kind of diploMATIC to ask him, I mean, but I mean he never ONCE mentioned the PROM the enTIRE time we

were THERE—did you ever HEAR of anything so RUDE in your LIFE, my dear? I mean I think it was ACTually VILE of him to kind of deLIB-erately aVOID the SUBject the way he did because I mean it kind of LOOKED as if he THOUGHT I was TRYing to get a BID to the



Nubbville Spark

LOTS O' SPEEDIN' MOTORISTS
HAVE NOTHIN' TO DO AFTER
THEY GET THERE.

PROM, I mean, which was ACTually the LAST idea in my MIND, my dear, because I mean I ACTually think college men have really not got good TASTE in girls any more, ANYways, because I mean they are always asking CHORus girls and POISONous people like THAT to PROMS NOWadays, my dear, instead of really atTRACTive girls who are well brought UP and everything—I mean they ACTually ARE!"

Lloyd Mayer.

The Reason

MOTHER: Jimmie, why didn't you get your wrists clean when you washed your hands?

JIMMIE: The soap wasn't long enough.

Prelude

THE siren shrieks, and the klaxon blows—
A big red blur, and the engine goes
Like a drunken giant through the traffic jam,
Hell-bent for the flames on Amsterdam.
The pavement trembles, red sparks fly
As the hook-and-ladder comes pounding by.
For Commerce is dead, Romance holds sway—
Rome again on a holiday!

The grocer leaves his counter, the policeman leaves his beat—

Half the city's urchins racing up the street.
All the world is young again—flames are leaping higher—
Levy and Sullivan tearin' towards the fire.

And now black smoke comes pouring out,
And the rabble all eager howl and shout
As in the arena long ago
When the lions and Christians put on a show.
Up go the ladders! Up go the men!
Fire and destruction must be met again!
Up go the hoses on the water towers
And the flames are drowned in their streaming showers.

* * *

This is the prelude to the tale
Of Moe Levinsky's fire sale.

Leonard Bronner.



ALBERT LEONARD
+ P.E.

"DID HE HIT YOU?"

"YES, BUT YOU OUGHT TO SEE HIS FRONT FENDER."

Life Lines

THE dry forces in Washington are now inaugurating Nation-wide Drive for Stricter Enforcement No. 108364—thereby contributing their mite to the celebration of National Laugh Month.

Captain HARRY GRAHAM, London playwright, is making a collection of the world's fifty worst books, and our only wonderment is which fifty volumes of the *Congressional Record* he will select.

A plan has been formulated to add 2,200 acres to New York City by filling in a portion of the East River. Citizens should be asked to co-operate by dumping their empty gin bottles into the stream.

Paris has decreed that ladies' stockings are to reach four inches above their knees, or, in other words, just within two inches of the hems of their skirts.

If the next dirigible isn't named "San Francisco" and isn't bigger and better in every way than the *Los Angeles*, the northern half of California plans to secede from the Union and annex itself to Japan.

EDISON predicts a new era of disasters on account of heavily increased air traffic, but we can hardly imagine any surviving pedestrians bursting into tears on reading the headline, "Aerial Taxis Crash."

Add Famous Last Lines—"I had the right of way—"

Another Alexander "POP, can't we move soon?" "Move? Why?" "Well, I've licked all the kids in this neighborhood."



Hostess: WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BRINGING TWO BOY FRIENDS WITH YOU?
Guest: OH, I ALWAYS CARRY A SPARE.

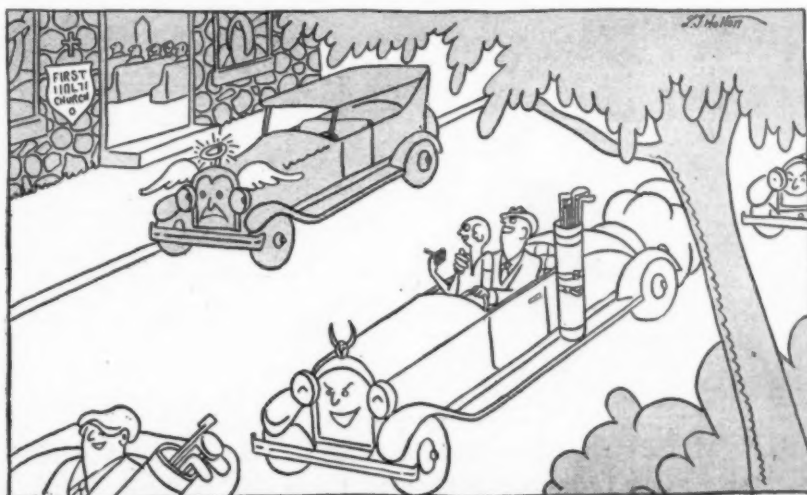
After a Thorough Workout in All the Other Departments the Star Salesman Takes to Selling Automobiles

"YES, sir, and madam—something in an automobile? Right this way, please. Light, medium or heavy weight? Here, slip this one on. Ah! Look how that drapes over the shoulders! A little tight in the back seat for the lady? We can easily have that let out. Walk up and down in it a few times. The color, I think, is perfect. What's that, madam? Well, if you'd tilt it a little more over your left eye... so! Now that's what I'd call a nifty effect. Yes, indeed, the brakes are

lined with genuine asbestos. Just feel that material! No, sir, it can't warp or crack—if you find a bit of putty anywhere, we'll give you a new one. It's cool to the last puff, holds its edge indefinitely and is absolutely accurate—fifteen adjustments, stainless and the sun can't fade it. Certainly, we can change the buttons if you wish, but I'd advise you to keep it in a cool, dry place for the first week, after which it will sort of conform to your lines. Yes, I know it seems kind of strange,

but then you've been used to wearing a derby. ...Ah, thank you. Shall I send it, or will you take it with you? Caa-aash!"

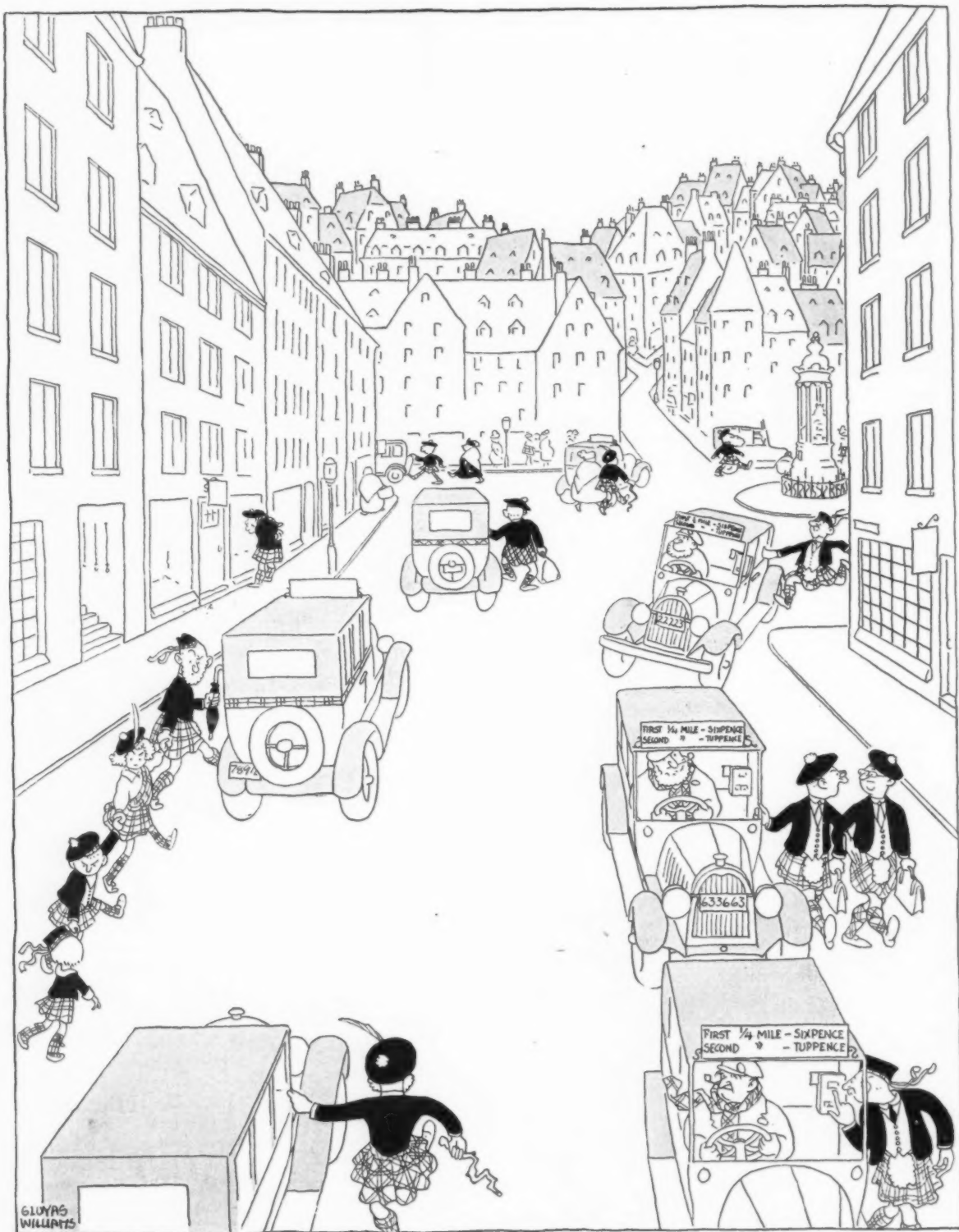
H. W. H.



JUST A REAL GOOD CAR

Historical Note

THE Battle of Princeton was fought one hundred and fifty years ago and the British didn't get the goal-posts!



To Save Money in Aberdeen, Scotland, the Natives Walk
the First Quarter-Mile and Ride the Second

The Automobile Horn

*When It Is Used and Why—How It Protects Drivers—
Other Advantages*

THE automobile horn is an electrically operated sounding device by means of which the driver of an automobile notifies the party on the third floor that he has arrived, without ringing the doorbell. It is also used as a signal to pedestrians.

In the latter instance, if the driver has his car in such a position that the pedestrian cannot possibly avoid being struck by hastening his gait, stopping or side-stepping, the motorist sounds the horn as an indication that he has seen the victim and knows he will hit him. If, however, by signaling, the driver can warn the pedestrian in time for him to avoid being hit, the horn is *not* sounded, as it would be wasted effort if no defense were needed. The motorist therefore waits before signaling.

The automobile horn is also sounded at dangerous crossings where accidents are likely to happen. If no answering sound is heard from another car, the driver continues across the intersection at the same speed. If, however, there is another machine approaching, this second driver sounds his horn, and then both drivers, knowing that another car is approaching, quicken their speed to cross ahead of the other.

There are many other uses. In heavy traffic, for example, where a police officer is detaining a line of cars, the sounding

of a horn will indicate to him that the driver thinks he has waited long enough and that the line he is in should be permitted to proceed. No traffic officer has yet been known to agree with a driver in this respect, however.

It is used, too, when the preceding motorist has killed his engine and is having difficulty in starting it. The motorist immediately behind sounds his horn repeatedly, the theory being that, as in football contests, where the teams are spurred on by noise-making, the first driver will receive the hearty encouragement so necessary to attain his goal: the starting of his motor.

No car, therefore, should be without a horn.

Jack Auburn Pennmann.

Left Off the Signs

"FREE air and water"—to remind you that you need gas.

"Crank cases drained free"—because you will need more oil.

"This car has been thoroughly overhauled"—but it may be a piece of junk in a week.

"Your credit is good"—if you have the reputation of paying your bills.

"Our twenty-four-hour garage service has been established for your convenience"—but if we find it doesn't pay we'll quit it. *William Sanford.*

William Sanford.

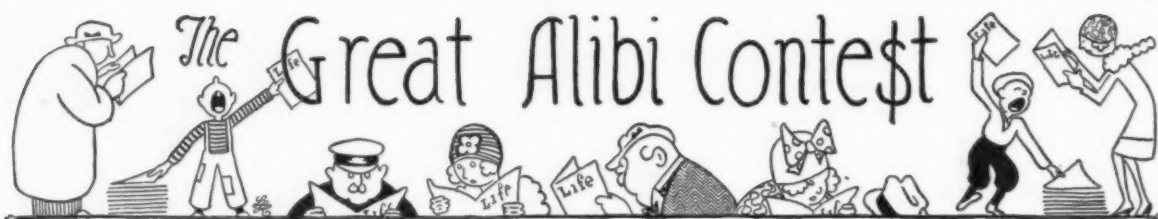


THE GIRL WITH THE
TRAFFIC EYES.



And Now Look At It

**"I CAN REMEMBER WHEN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY
WAS PRACTICALLY UNCIVILIZED."**



Conditions of the Contest

Read these carefully:

EACH week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST—the picture this week being marked “ALIBI NUMBER FIVE.”

The first prize of \$50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the judges, furnishes the cleverest and most convincing conclusion to the sentence which starts, “Well, you see, it was this way...” Five second prizes of \$10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up.

Answers must not exceed twenty-five words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in LIFE.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible for a prize.

The judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE.

In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the paper. The judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts that are submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER FIVE should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER FIVE must reach LIFE's office before 12 noon on January 27, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of February 17, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff, and their families, are barred from competition.

\$100 in Prizes

THIS is the fifth week of the Great Alibi Contest. Even though you may have missed the preceding Alibi Pictures, you can enter the Contest now and be eligible for this week's prize.

Study carefully the situation depicted by Conacher below. Try to evolve an Alibi for the woman driver involved in this predicament.

Express this Alibi in twenty-five words (or less) and send it in to the Alibi Contest Editor. Remember—the twenty-five-word limit applies only to your Alibi, and does not include the printed caption beneath the picture.

Each contestant may send in as many answers to this Contest as he or she desires. But all answers to

ALIBI NUMBER FIVE must reach LIFE's office not later than twelve noon on January 27, 1927.

The prizes are as follows:

First Prize, \$50.00

Five Second Prizes of \$10.00 each

These prizes will be awarded to those who, in the opinion of the judges, submit the cleverest and most convincing Alibis to fit the situation in the accompanying picture.

ALIBI NUMBER SIX will be published in LIFE next week, with a new set of prizes offered.

Read the conditions carefully—and go to it!

ALIBI NUMBER FIVE



Cop: I HELD UP ME HAND AN' BLEW ME WHISTLE AN' STILL YE GO AHEAD. WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

She: WELL, OFFICER, YOU SEE, IT WAS THIS WAY....

Lines to a Taxi-Driver

WEARY with all-night dancing,
I lie deep
Within the softness of this cushioned seat,
Grateful that you supply your car
with heat,
Happy to think of home and ease
and sleep.

O hardy cruiser of the long dark streets,
No frost could ever numb your certain hands;
Though winter holds the world in iron bands,
We move as smoothly as an ode by Keats.

Emerging from the fetid place where I
Had danced, I felt myself the only soul
Alive: puny and helpless. Then the whole
Cosmos grew bright, for you came gliding by.

I saw you come, out of infinity—
Driven by man's recurrent need for bread;
And I rejoiced I'd quickly reach my bed,
While you rejoiced you'd earn a coin from me....

These fleeting glimpses of the frozen park,
This marvelous kaleidoscope of tall
Buildings and houses—I enjoy it all
Immensely, seated warmly here. But hark:

It's longer than an hour since I first took
Your cab; you've sampled every single road;
How about driving straight to my abode?
Isn't five eighty-five enough, you crook?

Simonetta.

Several Ways to Eliminate Railroad Crossing Accidents

- 1—Sell your car.
- 2—Sell your car.
- 3—Sell your car.
- 4—Sell your car.
- 5—If you can't sell your car, junk it.

F. R.



"WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE JONESES HIGH-HATTING US LIKE THAT?"

"HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? THEIR CAR HAS BEEN EQUIPPED WITH SNUBBERS!"



Retort Courteous

"A Japanese instructor in English has advised his charges to learn English expressions of politeness by bumping into Englishmen or Americans in the street and saying, 'I beg your pardon.'"—*News Item.*

TAKING Teacher's advice just as he gave it, the bright Japanese schoolboys went forth and collected the following gems of English:

"You wanna sock inna nose?"

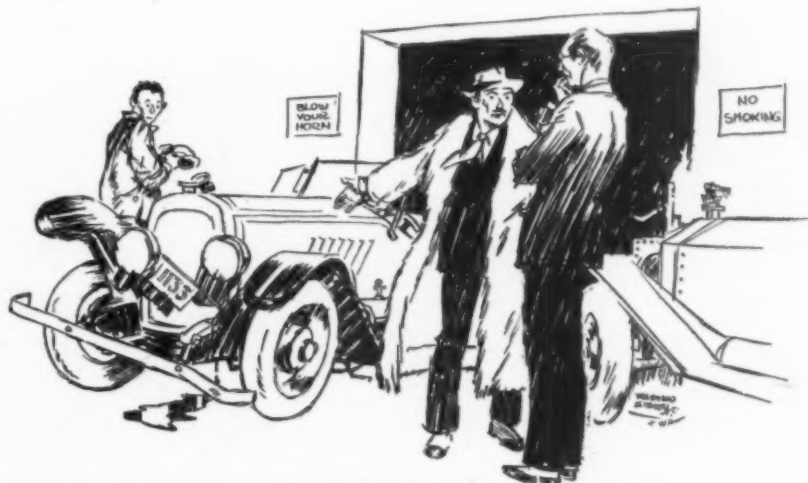
"Do that again, ya squinny-eyed chink, an' I'll flatten ya through the sidewalk!"

"'Op it, Chop Suey, afore I brykes yer blinkin' neck!"

"Kveet pooshink, Hi'm tallink gyoun! Heet like a jantlemen, not likea kike!"

"Get the so and so and so and so to hell out of my way!"

And that, children, is one of the many reasons why that great patriot, Mr. E. L. Doheny, got the oil concessions in California. *H. W. H.*



The Big Mystery

Reckless Motorist: MY CAR IS PRACTICALLY WORN OUT RIGHT NOW, AND YOU TOLD ME IT WOULD LAST ME A LIFETIME.

Salesman: WELL, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY IT HASN'T.

The Cutest Thing My Auto Ever Did

THE other night I was sitting in the living-room listening to the radio when I heard a noise outside the door. The door opened slowly and my little Chevrolet, which is five years old, rolled slowly into the room. Then it reared itself up on its hind tires, put its front tires in my lap, looked up into my face and said, softly: "Honk! honk!"

I rushed right out to the garage and gave it a quart of oil.

J. THURSBY MISTREEN,
SAULT STE. MARIE.

The other day I was arrested for speeding. The policeman insisted I was going forty-five miles an hour. Turning to my car, I said: "Dodge, were you going forty-five miles an hour?" Like a flash, the bonnet shook violently from left to right (I had the motor on at the time), meaning, "No, of course I wasn't going forty-five miles an hour." Well, you should have seen the policeman's face!

JOE CIPROTTI-JONES,
c/o CITY JAIL, BERNARDSVILLE,
N. J.

I have seen automobiles do some pretty cute things, but I never heard of one pulling a stunt like this. Just as I got to a railroad crossing, last Tuesday, my car stalled. I pressed on the self-starter, but nothing happened. "I'll fix you, you

_____!" I said, and getting the crank out of the tool box, I started to crank the car. However, with the first turn, the car kicked me clear across the crossing, just as the southbound limited came thundering by. What do you know about that?

MORTON P. PENNYCRACKER,
TWIN OAKS, TEXAS.

We had driven a long, long ways to watch a display of fireworks. Everybody was happy until it was all over, and then my youngest child, Edible, started to cry. "Daddy," she said, "me want tum (some) more foireworks, bedad and bejabers." Just at that moment the radiator cap on the Maxwell blew off with a loud bang! and a cloud of scalding steam enveloped us. At the same time, the



gasoline tank caught fire. You can't convince me that that Maxwell didn't know what it was doing.

Mrs. (WIDOW) O'FLAHERTY,
MONTAUK POINT, L. I.

The other night I was out in my Mercedes with a blonde. We went along a while and finally she said: "If you so much as try to kiss me, I'll get right out of this car and walk home." Whereupon the front half of my car sort of turned around and the left headlight went on and off like it was winking at me!

And darned if the darned car wasn't perfectly right, at that!

ISHMAEL CLAUDE GOONTZ,
DELAWARE WATER GAP.
Henry William Hanemann.

A 100-to-1 Shot

THE three men in the smoking compartment were marveling over the fact that one of them was from Boston and did not like beans, another was from Reno and had never been divorced, while the third was from Detroit and had never ridden in a flivver.

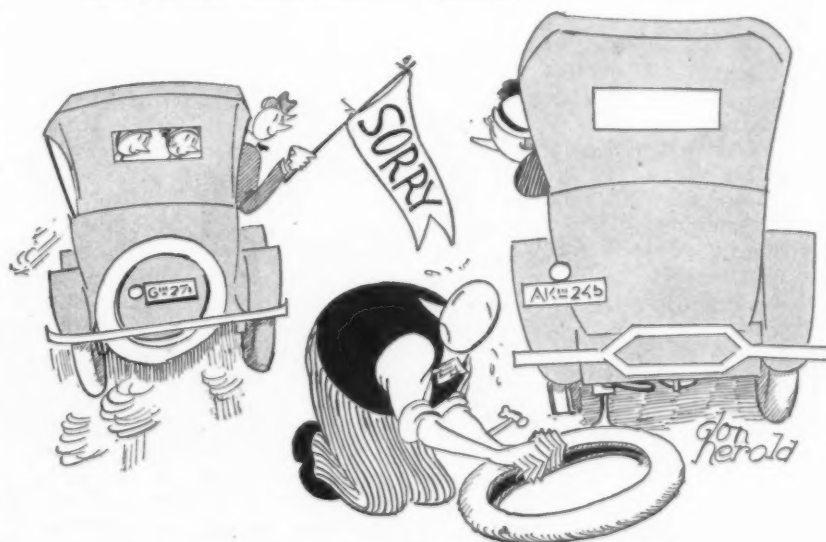
This group ceased to be unique when two more men joined the party. One was from Herrin, the other from Chicago.

Bill Sykes.

From Year to Year

GATHA: Every January Algy goes on one of those Round-the-World tours.

HARRIETT: How frightfully monotonous!



WHY NOT SYMPATHY PENNANTS FOR MOTORISTS?



JANUARY 13, 1927

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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W H A T
w i t h
w a t c h i n g
S e c r e t a r y
K e l l o g g i n h i s

proceedings in Nicaragua, and the State police of New Jersey who shot up the Meeneys, and the impending controversy between Smith and Walker, the New York *World* and Heaven knows who else about the subways, and the constant stream of suggestions and replies about foreign debts, the year opens with considerable activity for minds more or less impaired by holidays.

Scores of deaths due to holiday drinking of alcohol poisoned by the Government call attention anew to the propensity of Enforcement authorities to break the commandments.

Henry Ford has spoken. He is not going to make any violent changes in his output. He is going on with the old car, meeting the demand, willing to sell to Russia, India, China and any points East from which payments can be collected with reasonable certainty. Henry is probably waiting to see how much the world is going to change before he meddles very much with the existing type of his indispensable mechanism. He is quite right about that, as the world is very liable to change, and may relapse quite promptly into a state where the cheapest conveyances will again be in most active demand.

The Navy men want more cruisers, and are trying to poke up the Government to build more dirigibles. Dirigibles are awfully like eggs. Eggs do not keep well in cold storage and if you keep hens setting on

them they spoil. If they hatch out and go loose the motor cars run over them. Dirigibles are the most precarious property now known to man, but that is not a fatal objection to having a couple more of them for exhibition at State fairs and other decorative purposes.



I F this world would get adjusted to something it would be a considerable relief. Letters to the papers disclose sore spots in many hearts. One has sympathy for some unknown person who writes to the *World* that parents now spend all their money on education for their offspring and have nothing left with which to acquire homes to grow old in. There is something in that, but the conception of homes has changed. A home used to be a place where one lived. It is now a place out of which one issues to make a living. A home that is not in due propinquity to employment and regular payment is not a home that any modern person wants.

The reason why education looks to be more in demand than homes just now is that it seems easier to cash in. If one sees persons labelled educated drawing pay without seeming to do much work, one's opinion of education as an investment goes up. But possibly when everything has been sold and collections grow sluggish, education may be less coveted and homes be reappraised. What first shook the old sentiment that a home was the first thing to get was

the motor car. People who could not have both homes and cars preferred cars. Then homes have had to contend against the growing disillusion about the value of fixtures. It costs more to run homes and keep them in repair than it used to. The disposition of the rising generation is to be foot-loose. The older generation clings to the tradition that it is not respectable to sleep in the station house, but even the elders prefer nowadays to express their prejudice in favor of settled habitations as simply as is reasonably consistent with having them. Museums are more and more used for storage, and homes less and less. The great current interest in having things drifts more and more to the expectation that they will make a nice auction.



W E seem to be slowly grinding along to a careful consideration of how the affairs of this country have been run since the election of Mr. Harding, and what is going to be the effect on American life. So far people have cared for nothing but prosperity and they have had the prosperity. They have had beginnings of it under Mr. Harding and large helps under Mr. Coolidge. Mr. Harding's administration was attended by more disgraceful incidents than any since the cleaning up after the Civil War. Mr. Coolidge's has been better, much better, but these questions about cruisers and dirigibles result from a condition of the world for which the foreign policy or lack of foreign policy of these Republican administrations is considerably responsible.

Another enormous source of evil is the contemporary rum laws fastened on the country by legislators too frightened to withstand the demands of fanatical reformers and of industrialists. Prohibition seems to have helped prosperity but it has done shocking injury to public character and public order. It is a mess to be cleaned up; difficult and deeply complicated. The sooner we can get to use our voices less about it and our wits more, the better for all hands.

E. S. Martin.



"Beat it! There ain't goin' to be no core!"

A Glance at the New Models

(By LIFE'S Automobile Editor)

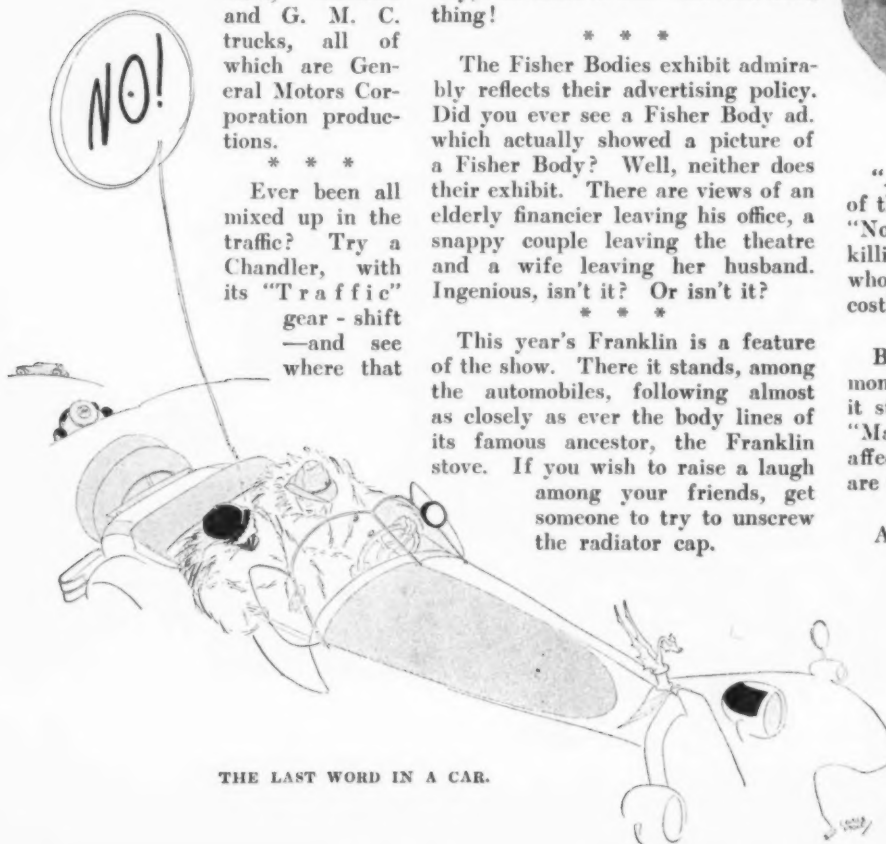
STROLLING about the Automobile Show, one sees any given number of cars that are unexcelled for speed, service, roadability and general good fellowship; one also sees any given number that one wouldn't accept as a gift. In the ranks of automotive vehicles on exhibition, the following attract particular attention—particularly because all of them happen to be advertised in *LIFE*, and who are we to give publicity to those who don't pay for it?

When you visit the show, don't fail to inspect the Buick. Look first under the hood—you won't see anything; but, remove the burglarproof penthouse and observe the gascolator, percolator, disc cultivator and mummy of King Tut's second wife—all new features. Next, study the body lines and then see if you believe that only Packard can build a Packard.

* * *

The Cadillac is now accepted as a pretty high-class offering by the General Motors Corporation, who also manufacture the Pontiac, which is manufactured by the General Motors Corporation, who also sponsor Fisher Bodies, which are sponsored by the General Motors Corporation, who also produce the Buick, Chevrolet, Oakland and G. M. C. trucks, all of which are General Motors Corporation productions.

Ever been all mixed up in the traffic? Try a Chandler, with its "Traffic" gear-shift—and see where that



THE LAST WORD IN A CAR.

gets you! And when next you climb Pike's Peak, come down in a Chandler; there is an awfully convenient railway which takes you up.

* * *

Chrysler is theftproof! Have you noticed those little numbers on the instrument board? Well, they jump out and bite the thief on the lip, much to his discomfiture. Don't try to go thirty miles an hour in a Chrysler 20. There is a 30 for that purpose; and so on up to a hundred, or until you get yourself damn well smashed up.

* * *

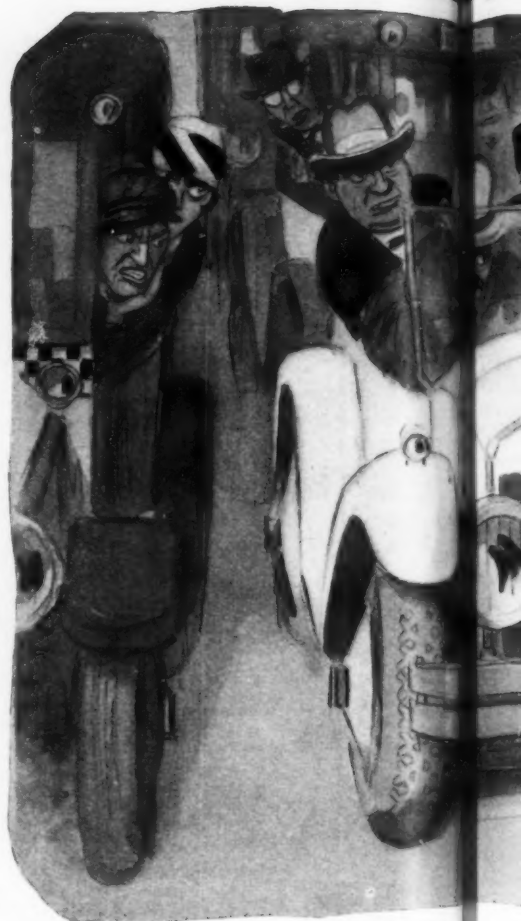
It is untrue that Dodge will do without a motor this year, relying instead on Clarence Dillon's personality to make it go. We looked under the hood for the motor only yesterday, and there it was—the cute little thing!

* * *

The Fisher Bodies exhibit admirably reflects their advertising policy. Did you ever see a Fisher Body ad. which actually showed a picture of a Fisher Body? Well, neither does their exhibit. There are views of an elderly financier leaving his office, a snappy couple leaving the theatre and a wife leaving her husband. Ingenious, isn't it? Or isn't it?

* * *

This year's Franklin is a feature of the show. There it stands, among the automobiles, following almost as closely as ever the body lines of its famous ancestor, the Franklin stove. If you wish to raise a laugh among your friends, get someone to try to unscrew the radiator cap.



"Allez, Hup!" You will die at the antics of the trained Hupmobile. When the man to it, "Now look distinguished!" its expression is the most killing thing you ever saw. There is only one car in whose presence the Hup won't perform. It's a costly Italian Straight Eight.

* * *

Be sure to let the kiddies see the new Marmon. "Isn't—that—darling!" they will say, as it stands up on its wobbly little chassis. "Mar-mar!" Its mother, the handsome, flicks it affectionately. "Well, well!" you will reply. "There are times when only a Marmon will do!"

* * *

Around the Packard are grouped, as usual, a lot of owners waiting to have you ask them something. We asked one for a match and he scowled quite unpleasantly at us. "How do you like your Buick?" we then shot at him, and he hastily served him right—the big snob.

* * *

If, in these days of high ground rent, you haven't space for a house and garage on the same plot, buy a Pierce-Arrow. You then build a cozy six-room bungalow on your Pierce and live comfortably. "It's the highest achievement in motordom."



If Looks Could Kill

Renault has a novel exhibit. A six-day bicycle race goes on around their longest model. The men start at the radiator and three days later may be seen rounding the tail light. Clever, too, is the radiator cap ornament—a tiny French cabinet in which a franc fluctuates up and down to the amusement of all.

* * *

Among those present is the Willys—Red Bird—Black Bottom—Overland—Whippet, which under a lot more names would still make the same funny noises. Persons who have purchased Whippets from sidewalk vendors were informed at the Overland booth that they could not expect free service on busted mainsprings.

A. M. S., Jr.

SOME people are always taking the joy out of life, and Congress is almost entirely composed of them.

Broad Street's Rating

MR. PECK—Crystal set.

Mr. Magill—One-tube set and a flivver.

Mr. Hunter—Six-cylinder car and a mortgage.

Mr. Watson—Three children and a mother-in-law.

Mr. Pratt—Bungalow, lawnmower and accessories.

Miss Crabb—Four cats, high board fence and an unknown amount of first mortgage bonds.

Mr. Briggs—Four-tube set and an eight-cylinder car.

Mr. Bickers—Eight-tube set, twelve-cylinder car and a valet.

Mr. Snyder—Four servants, three cars and two divorces.

Bill Sykes.



No Regrets

AUNT MARY: When I was your age I didn't carry on with the boys the way you do.

"Well, Auntie, you didn't miss much!"

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

An American Tragedy. *Longacre*—Heavy-handed opery-house stuff, trying to act sexy.

Beyond the Horizon. *Bijou*—Not quite so impressive as it was, owing to (see opposite).

The Bottom of the Cup. *Mayfair*—To be reviewed later.

Caponsacchi. *Hampden's*—Walter Hampden in something romantic and slightly tiresome.

The Captive. *Empire*—A fine play dealing with sex pathology which may mystify the more sheltered but can not possibly offend them.

Chicago. *Music Box*—With Francine LaRimore. To be reviewed next week.

Civic Repertory Theatre. *Fourteenth St.*—Eva Le Gallienne in a worthy venture. Search papers feverishly for this week's offering.

The Constant Nymph. *Selwyn*—A surprising amount of the spirit of the novel caught and produced with varying degrees of effectiveness. We cried at it.

The Dybbuk. *Neighborhood*—This alternates with "The Little Clay Cart" and several others, and we refuse to make any attempt to tell you which is going on this week. Whatever it is, it is likely to be good.

In Abraham's Bosom. *Provincetown*—To be reviewed later.

The Ladder. *Waldorf*—A great deal of money is being spent on this which could much better be used in a certain household we know of. A few minutes with the producer and we might convince him.

Lulu Belle. *Belasco*—It's almost a year now since Lenore Ulric began showing how far a colored girl can go when she tries.

Moscow Theatre Habima. *Mansfield*—Russians in Hebrew repertory. Interesting for a while.

Ned McCobb's Daughter. *John Golden*—A thoroughly interesting play about New England bootlegging and sich, with Clare Eames, Alfred Lunt and the customary good cast.

The Noose. *Hudson*—Fairly conventional melodrama with a good performance by Rex Cherryman.

Sex. *Daly's*—A seventy-five-cent taxi ride.

The Squall. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Even the Spanish have to contend with bad native girls. Is no man safe?

The Trumpet Shall Sound. *American Laboratory*—Reviewed in this issue.

What Never Dies. *Lyceum*—With E. H. Sothern. To be reviewed next week.

The Wooden Kimono. *Martin Beck*—To be reviewed next week.

Yellow. *National*—Type-B melodrama.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Sometimes we wonder if there really is any Directing Force at the back of the universe at all or if everything is just Chaos.

Broadway. *Broadhurst*—A perfect example of a well-made, smartly directed melodrama.

The Constant Wife. *Maxine Elliott's*—What is meant by "high comedy," with Ethel Barrymore showing us.

Daisy Mayme. *Playhouse*—A characterization which is almost cruelly good.

The Devil in the Cheese. *Charles Hopkins*—To be reviewed later.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. *Times Square*—The book to the life, with June Walker and Edna Hibbard as the two Rollo girls.

The Honor of the Family. *Booth*—Reviewed in this issue.

Howdy King! *Morisco*—Produced by the producer of "Abie's Irish Rose." We refuse to commit ourself on advice of counsel.

The Little Spitfire. *Cort*—Certainly not.

Mozart. *Forty-Sixth St.*—The Guitrys. To be reviewed next week.

On Approval. *Gaiety*—Good entertainment, with Wallace Eddinger and able associates.

The Padre. *Ritz*—To be reviewed next week.

The Play's the Thing. *Henry Miller's*—Holbrook Blinn in a light but at times hilarious farce.

Pygmalion. *Guild*—Lynn Fontanne in the old Shaw favorite.

This Woman Business. *Wallack's*—A pleasant evening for the not-too-critical. Genevieve Tobin and O. P. Heggie.

Two Girls Wanted. *Little*—No harm done.

We Americans. *Eltinge*—The affairs of East Side citizens made into a good show, well done.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Americana. *Belmont*—At least, different.

Betsy. *New Amsterdam*—With Jimmy Hussey and Belle Baker. To be reviewed later.

Castles in the Air. *Century*—The regulation thing, a bit better done than most. Bernard Granville and Myrtle Schaaf.

Countess Maritz. *Shubert*—A dressy Vienna score, with production to match. Yvonne D'Arle, Walter Woolf and George Hassell.

Criss-Cross. *Globe*—Well, it's Fred Stone. What more do you want to know?

The Desert Song. *Casino*—Vivienne Segal and Eddie Buzzell in something considerably above the average.

Gay Paree. *Winter Garden*—Chic Sale surrounded by a big show with now and then a French touch.

Honeymoon Lane. *Knickerbocker*—Good, fair-to-middling entertainment, with extra dancing and Eddie Dowling.

Iolanthe. *Plymouth*—Thursday nights only, but worth waiting over for.

Katja. *Forty-Fourth St.*—High-class but fairly dull.

The Lace Petticoat. *Forrest*—To be reviewed later.

The Nightingale. *Jolson*—With Eleanor Painter. To be reviewed later.

Oh, Kay! *Imperial*—Gertrude Lawrence, Victor Moore and Oscar Shaw in a show which has class if nothing else.

Oh, Please! *Fulton*—Reviewed in this issue.

Peggy Ann. *Vanderbilt*—With Helen Ford. To be reviewed later.

Piggy. *Royale*—With Sam Bernard. To be reviewed later.

The Pirates of Penzance. *Plymouth*—Winthrop Ames' second great gift to Gilbert and Sullivan lovers. "Iolanthe" on Thursday nights.

Queen High. *Ambassador*—Still holding its own as a good all-around show, with Luella Gear, Frank McIntyre and Charles Ruggles.

The Ramblers. *Lyric*—Clark and McCullough with a big show in which to do their excellent stuff.

Scandals of 1936. *Apollon*—The one big revue in town, thanks to Mr. George White.

Twinkle-Twinkle. *Liberty*—Fair.

Vanities of 1937. *Earl Carroll*—A new edition, with several Charlot stars and Julius Tannen. Also Moran and Mack. To be reviewed later.



THE ROMANCE OF A TRAFFIC COP'S DAUGHTER.



After All, Old Plays Are Worst

IF ever you get a longing for the good old plays they used to put on when you wore collars that came close together in front, just drop in and see a revival of one of them. It may depress you, but it will shut you up.

It can't be entirely an advance in dramatic technique that makes the old favorites seem hollow. "Beyond the Horizon" and "Pygmalion" certainly aren't old-fashioned yet, and even they suffer slightly from the Blight of the Old Plays. And "The Honor of the Family" is like something you might see at a Lambs' Gambol. If you ask us (and hearing nothing, we will ask ourself), it is because, after a play has been copied innumerable times like "Beyond the Horizon," or after an author has stated his case innumerable times like Shaw, a mere repetition of the original formula becomes an automatic burlesque on itself.



NEITHER of these alibis applies to "The Honor of the Family." It must have been a burlesque when it was written. Or perhaps Otis Skinner has been swinging it along on the tip of his walking-stick all these years. At any rate, as revived to-day, from its opening scene of stark naked exposition about "Moosier Rouget, who is, as you know, a friend of Moosier Whosis," "The Honor of the Family" makes "The Judge's Husband" seem like the work of a necromancer. True, Mr. Skinner is there with his dynamic presence, and this makes up for a great deal, but the aroma of mothballs is still predominant. This effect is not lessened any by the presence of several very red comedy noses and one gentleman who becomes interested to the point of executing a minuet in front of what he meticulously designates as "that pick-tschure" hanging on the wall. We suspect that J. Rankin Towse directed the performance.



STILL, if we had never had this old school of acting, we should never have had Beatrice Lillie, and if we had never had Beatrice Lillie we might better never have been born. For it is upon this meat that Miss Lillie feeds, taking all the old lines and gestures and intonations and turning them into solid gold clowning. And in "Oh, Please!" she has plenty of nourishment.

If for no other reason, Miss Lillie should go down in stage history as the only human (if, indeed, she is human)

who ever made an Anne Caldwell book funny. Confronted by one of the toughest jobs that ever a comedian had (a Caldwell adaptation of a French farce—a depressing combination on the face of it), she has kidded the thing into a hilarious entertainment which is all the better for its banal beginnings. Perhaps, after all, it is wise to give her a bad book, for bad lines are her dish. Here she is nothing short of magnificent—and, incidentally, quite beautiful. This last is only fair exchange, however. Miss Lawrence has come to town in "Oh, Kay!" to do a bit of clowning. Miss Lillie should be allowed her sex-appeal.



AND, speaking of tough jobs, we could want no tougher one than the assignment of being a comedienne in the same company with Beatrice Lillie. Yet Helen Broderick, in a scene played with Charles Winninger, makes herself a very definite contribution to the comedy of the season. With so few funny women on the stage, "Oh, Please!" would seem to have more than its share.

Mr. Winninger, while always an agreeable person to have around, has even less to work with than the rest and is forced back to the old trombone which at least gives him a chance.

As for the score, it is pleasant, but Mr. Youmans, like Mr. Gershwin in "Oh, Kay!" seems to have been taken in this season.



CONSIDERING that in the American Laboratory Theatre the audience is not only in each other's laps but in the laps of the actors as well, "The Trumpet Shall Sound" manages to be comparatively effective. We do not mean by this that we were so worked up by the performance that we went home and trembled all night, but we did get some illusion of reality, which is more than we get out of most of these seven-month theatres. And above all, several of the actors gave promise of their being good enough some day really to act in a commercial theatre in a nasty old commercial success. And that certainly establishes a record for little art groups.

Maybe we said just the wrong thing about there being an illusion of reality. Wouldn't it be tough if that was just what they were trying to avoid!

Robert Benchley.



I AM coming a little late to "The Sun Also Rises," by Ernest Hemingway (Scribner), concerning which my curiosity has been aroused by the fact that it has received more consistent notices than almost any recent work of fiction. The title put me off it, in the first place, and I was not especially encouraged to learn that it dealt with that group of English and American expatriates who frequent the Quarter in Paris, for I happen to have been at the Rotonde and seen a few of them. However, I am now willing to subscribe to the general verdict that Mr. Hemingway has done a fair piece of work, if you can stand for his material. Those who do not like to encounter in a novel's pages individuals whom they would never think of inviting to dinner are warned to lay off. The leading lady, although very lovely, is both a drunkard and a nymphomaniac, and the author is never quite certain as to what she is going to say or do.

Modern, of course, is hardly the word. Gertrude Stein, in a moment of lucid conversation, once referred to the set pictured in "The Sun Also Rises" as "a lost generation," and the epithet is an apt one. How casually, for instance, young Americans in Paris slide into phraseology and psychology of which the mere contemplation ten years before in Kansas City would have caused their very hair to stand on end. And what a time Mr. Hemingway must have explaining his book to the old folks at home, if any!

They say that all the characters in "The Sun Also Rises" are taken from life and may be easily identified by those who know the Paris group. The best patches of writing, and almost by that same token the least interesting, are those descriptive of the excursion into Spain. There is no moral attached, but after finishing the book, I evolved something like this all by myself: Unconventional people probably get that way because they cannot act otherwise without being dull.

"TO-MORROW MORNING," by Anne Parrish (Harper), is so much of a disappointment that those who take such matters seriously will

be justified in bursting softly into tears. The red band around the outside says that it is as great a novel of the American family as "The Perennial Bachelor," but you mustn't believe anything of the kind. It is a mother-and-son novel, to be sure, but the principals are ordinary small-town types without sufficient distinction to make them interesting as material for copy.

Kate Green is a woman who sincerely believed that she gave up a career as a painter in order to marry the man she loved, and was just as wrong about it as are so many women who make their families miserable for years by cherishing the same illusion. Kate didn't make anybody miserable about it. In fact, after Joe Green died just three or four jumps ahead of something similar to a penitentiary sentence, she went bravely to work and did "hand-painted" knickknacks in order to eke out the slender income on which she and her boy had to live. About young Jodie there was nothing remarkable save that he persuaded a young woman of the *beau monde* to marry him, and her ultimate desertion of him, however hard on him, (Continued on page 33)

Hard Hit

YOU hit me in the eye!
I might have guessed
That you would make me cry,
If too hard-pressed.
And yet I loved you so,
Each morn I fussed;
My spooning riled you, though—
And hence, this thrust.
I burn to follow suit,
Defeat is bitter;
Say, for a mere grape-fruit,
You're some straight hitter!

Sally Hager.



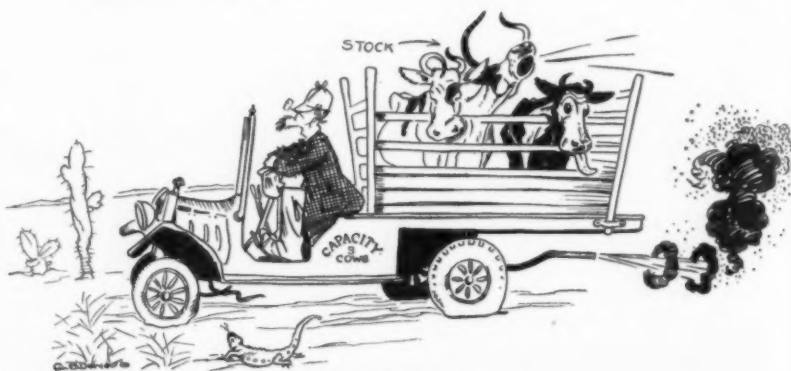
Considerate Rear Driver: HERMAN, DEAR, I DON'T WISH TO INTRUDE, BUT I THINK WE HAVE A FLAT TIRE.

Window

WATCHES, \$1, with unbreakable crystals...shaving cream...aluminum shoe trees...talcum powder...chewing gum, mints, candy bars...safety razors, safety razor blades...clocks, one day...witch hazel, special...hair clippers, anybody can use them...pocket flasks, glass-lined...fountain pens, very special...this and that, that and this....

Yes—it's a cigar store!

W. G. H.



A STOCK MODEL

Assorted Curses!

NOW a curse on the pests of the highway that drive better men acerb!

A murrain on her who constantly parks at least three feet from the curb!

And another on him who turns a corner without extending his hand!

And may she who stalls in a ferry line get a cop's stern reprimand!

May they run out of gas on a desert ten miles from a filling pump!

May they drop the plug in the bucket when draining the crankcase sump!

May the coldest morning of winter find their batteries out of juice!

May filings scratch their cylinder walls and their cotter pins all work loose!

Aye, a curse on these pests of the highway—the Curse of the Blown Out Tire,

The Curse of the Shorted Spark Plug and the Curse of the Hubdeep Mire!

But a blacker curse and a bitterer curse on the unregenerate pill

Who won't pull in, though I honk and honk, to let me pass on a hill!

And the blackest and bitterest Curse of all (though I don't know what it may be,

Yet it's not too bitter and not too black for him and such as he)

Descend on the head of the blatant, purse-proud, loud and glittering ass

Who honks and honks for me to pull out on a hill to let him pass!

Baron Ireland.



Little Girl (entertaining her small friend): AND THIS IS OUR TIGER. UNCLE RAN OVER IT IN AFRICA.

Ford Chassis No. B1378X

ASPECIAL Ford representative calls every two or three years at each Ford owner's home and investigates the welfare of the car, thus checking up on every automobile that leaves the factory.

Ford Chassis No. B1378X, in the possession of Mr. Alfred M. Dahant, of Schenectady, N. Y., has cost its owner but \$630 in repair bills since 1925. "I cannot seem to wear it out," writes Mr. Dahant. "I have run it over cliffs; I have hacked at it with an axe; I have tried to give it away; but good old No. B1378X, as I call it, is still knocking away as well as it ever did. This chassis has outworn three engines: one of them I threw away; the other two were lost in the Chicago fire. I am fully

satisfied with my car; it has given me excellent service for over two months; and I only hope that other Ford owners can say as much."

Chassis No. B1378X was sold to King George V in April, 1925. Subsequently it became the property of the Birmingham Old Junk Company, who traded it to the Indians for \$12 and a string of beads. Mr. Dahant bought it at a rummage sale in June of that year.

Don't sell your Ford! N. R. J.

Epoch-Making

MIDTOWN: What's all the excitement down the street?

UPPERWEST: Ye Olde Brassière Shoppe is having its first Anniversary Sale.



Father: WHY DON'T YOU DANCE WITH YOUNG PERKINS?

Daughter: I WOULDN'T DANCE WITH HIM IF HE WERE WORTH A MILLION.
"HE IS."

"OH, WELL—INTRODUCE ME. I SUPPOSE *somebody's* GOT TO DANCE WITH THE POOR MAN."

Meetings in Heaven

Gentlemen Prefer—?

A BEAUTIFUL young woman with a mass of golden hair was walking down a street in Heaven, smiling gaily to herself.

Musing as she walked, she failed to notice the approach of a languorous, ebon-tressed damsel with a scarab at her breast.

"Well, if it isn't Helen of Troy!" exclaimed she of the dark locks.

The blonde beauty looked up. "Cleo!" she cried. "Put your asp away and I'll kiss you."

The asp was put back in Cleopatra's vanity case and the two women embraced.

"What was making you smile so happily?" asked Cleopatra.

"Was I smiling happily?"

"By Isis, you looked as satisfied with yourself as a sacred crocodile that has just dined off a sacred virgin."

"You do use the loveliest figures of speech," said Helen. "Well, I guess I was smiling. I heard a few minutes ago that all Earth is talking about something I've known for centuries and centuries."

"And what's that?"

"That gentlemen prefer blondes."

Cleopatra snorted and her eyes narrowed.

"Is that so?" she hissed. "Well, I happen to know a couple of gentlemen—of course," she added, sarcastically, "they didn't amount to much—one of them was only the greatest general the world has ever seen and the other was a soldier and an orator—who preferred a certain brunette not so many miles from here to all the blondes in the world."



"AND PUT MING INSIDE THE CAR WHILE I'M SHOPPING—HE MIGHT BE COLD."

Helen smiled sweetly. "My dear, if there aren't any blondes around, of course gentlemen will take brunettes."

"No blondes around!" cried Cleo. "My court was just cluttered with blonde slaves!"

Helen sniffed. "Slaves," she murmured, scornfully. "Isn't competing with a slave what you might call shadow-boxing?"

Cleopatra saw that she had made a break and became angry.

"A wise-crack is always the defense of a lady that knows she's beaten," she said.

"Don't lose your temper, dear," murmured the Grecian queen; "you get so red in the face, and then you look your age."

At this point Queen Elizabeth hove into sight.

"Girls, girls," she said mincingly, "why these angry shouts?"

They explained. A chill glitter

came into the queen's green eyes. "I was always under the impression," she said, coldly, "that gentlemen preferred to see red. I may be wrong, perhaps, as I have only my personal observation to go by."

Words were extremely plentiful after that. Nor was the situation helped by the entrance of Du Barry with her white powdered hair.

When destruction to life and limb seemed imminent, Lilith, that consummation of all women, strolled by.

"You darlings," she said. "How naïve you all are. The fact of the matter is, my sweets, that men never even notice the color of our hair!"

Bertram Bloch.

Two Popular Magazine Editors in the Front Row Discuss an Actress

"ENTHRALLING!"

"Poignant lure!"

"Wonder girl!"

"The sweetheart of my dreams!"

"Holds millions spellbound!"

"A woman who has drunk deeply of life, and suffered!"

"Husband or lover—which will she choose?"

"I can never forget this throbbing drama of misguided love!"

"You're right; she's a classy actor. Say, let's get out for a little smoke."

W. W. Scott.

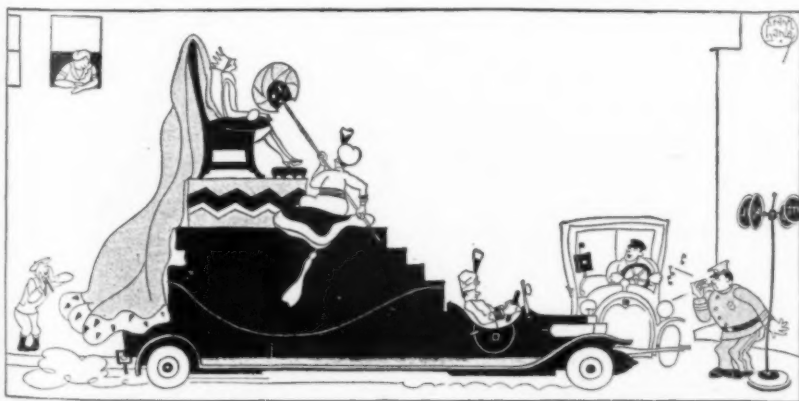
Post-Prandial Reflection

EACH and every orator,

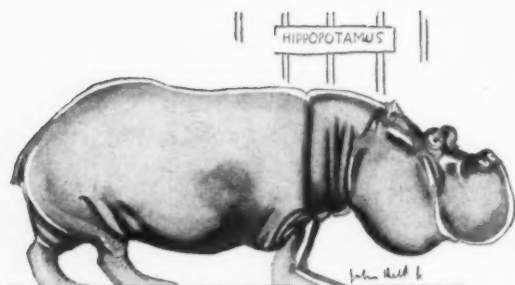
In each and every speech,

Always puts an "every"

With each and every "each."



THE MOVIE QUEEN DESIGNS A CAR THAT WILL EXPRESS HER PERSONALITY.



the SILENT DRAMA

"The Fire Brigade"

A CRITIC should never make any admissions which will injure his standing as a disillusioned, worldly cynic, in whom no purely emotional enthusiasms are allowed to exist; nevertheless, I'm compelled to say that I broke down and sobbed convulsively when, at the end of "The Fire Brigade," an old, horse-drawn fire engine went charging forth to do battle with the flames that were enveloping the orphan asylum.

It seems to me that this is the greatest single thrill that the screen has ever yielded. It may be described as ridiculously sentimental and shamefully juvenile, but the violence of its effect can not be denied—not in my presence, at any rate.

"The Fire Brigade" is a singularly fine picture—straightforward, true, exciting and commendably elementary. It deals with a subject which is definitely associated, in every mind, with childish hopes, ambitions and romantic imaginings; its appeal, therefore, is to basic and uncomplicated emotions. Its simple sentimentality, its very juvenility, increase its effective truthfulness.

The director, William Nigh, has done an amazingly skilful and imaginative job with "The Fire Brigade." Aside from one absurd *bal masque* episode—dragged in for practically no reason whatever—

every scene in the picture has the flavor of convincing reality. The pictures of the fire apparatus tearing through the crowded streets, of the interior of the fire station and the firemen's homes are all essentially, indisputably honest.

The cast includes splendid performances by Eugenie Besserer, Warner Richmond, Tom O'Brien, Bert Woodruff and Charles Ray.

ALMOST all small boys nourish the none too secret ambition to be firemen when they grow up, but few fulfil this worthy destiny. Many of them turn out vice-presidents of the Guaranty Trust Co.; others, official sales representatives in the northern Michigan territory for the My Lady Dainty Paper Towel Corp., and still others, motion picture critics.

All such who see "The Fire Brigade" will realize that their first impulses were right, and will wish they had the opportunity to go back and start all over again.

"Tell It to the Marines"

AFTER "Tell It to the Marines," there can be no further doubt of the fact that Lon Chaney is an extraordinary actor. In this picture, he casts aside his make-up box of tricks and appears as a Sergeant of Marines. Furthermore, he walks,

salutes and gestures precisely like a man who has been doing that steadily for twenty-five years. It is an uncannily perfect characterization.

"Tell It to the Marines" is practically an uninterrupted duologue between Mr. Chaney and the competent William Haines. A rather tepid love story is injected at intervals, with a general rattle of musketry at the end, but all the interest is concentrated in these two characters—the rugged sergeant and an excessively raw recruit.

The Marines in this film are very much more lady-like than the leathernecks in "What Price Glory." In one scene, the recruit takes his girl friend out to supper at a road-house and the audience is assured (by means of a close-up) that he drinks nothing more alarming than Pale Dry Ginger Ale. This last touch was inserted, no doubt, in deference to Gen. Smedley D. Butler, who aided in the preparation of "Tell It to the Marines."

With two such upstanding Galahads as Gen. Butler and Gene Tunney as models of conduct, the Marine Corps must have changed materially since the bad old days when *Capt. Flagg* and *Sergeant Quirt* exchanged compliments across the bar at *Cognac Pete's* place.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

The Winning of Barbara Worth. Beautiful photography, good work by Ronald Colman, and a Harold Bell Wright story.

Faust. Emil Jannings as *Mephisto* in a visually effective but over-operatic rendition of the famous drama.

Old Ironsides. Another James Cruze epic, containing many stirring views of America's most famous warship.

The Great Gatsby. An unsuccessful attempt to be naughty and, at the same time, nice.

What Price Glory. Victor McLaglen assumes heroic proportions in a great war picture, directed by Raoul Walsh.

The Flaming Forest. You can have

this, with "The Ice Flood" thrown in, for all I care.

Upstage. Some interesting direction by Monta Bell, and a good performance by Norma Shearer.

We're in the Navy Now. Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton going on with the gags they started in "Behind the Front."

The Sorrows of Satan. Some of it is marvelous, and some of it . . .

Tin Hats. Just one war comedy too many.

Bardelys the Magnificent. One of those rollicking Sabatini affairs, with John Gilbert giving an effective impersonation of Douglas Fairbanks.

The Canadian. Thomas Meighan in

the wheat fields—and just the least bit dull, too.

The Better 'Ole. Horse-play behind the British lines, with Syd Chaplin as Old Bill.

The Temptress. Greta Garbo read the review of this picture in LIFE and promptly struck for more pay.

Don Juan. Acrobatic necking in a Renaissance setting.

Potemkin. George Jean Nathan has endorsed this, making one more person with whom I shall have to argue.

Ben-Hur. Ramón Novarro as one of the earliest disciples of Brucebartonism.

Beau Geste, The Scarlet Letter, The Strong Man and The Big Parade. Still on the "must" list.



CADILLAC's program of 50 Body Styles and Types in 500 Color and Upholstery Combinations was the first genuinely new note in motor cars in five years. It made the motor car once again a thing of personal pride and individual distinction.

But color and body variety are not the only new and finer elements in

*All eyes are
focusing on the
great new
CADILLAC*

Priced from \$2995 upward, f. o. b. Detroit

this new Cadillac. In every performance detail; in speed and power; in value and dependability it surpasses any former Cadillac.

Proof of this is found in the fact that the demand for the new 90-degree, eight-cylinder Cadillac is far greater than that of all other cars at its price, or over, put together.

NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL

MOTORS CORPORATION



Men want to know how to get a better shave

IN the last analysis this shaving business all gets down to soap, water and a brush. Why lather softens your beard isn't half so interesting as a quick shave and a cool, comfortable face afterward. Fougere Royale (Royal Fern) Shaving cream is a natural beard softener, thoroughly neutralized. It never leaves a soapy after-shaving odor. Delightful to use and beneficial to the skin. Made to soften wiry beards but works just as well on tame ones. Try Fougere Royale Shaving Cream today in the economical 50¢ tube at druggists or send a dime and the coupon below for ten of these better shaves.

Fougere Royale Shaving Cream

Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal

Shaving Cream, 50c,
Shaving Stick, 75c;
Talcum, \$1.00;
Eau Vegetale, \$1.25;
Facial Soap, 50c.



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539 West 45th Street, New York City

I want to try Fougere Royale Shaving Cream.
Here is my dime.

Name.....

Address.....

Mrs. Pep's Diary (Continued from page 14)

Nor would I satisfy Lyd, neither, by any inquiries as to the current object of her affections, having nought to remark in the matter beyond a subtle insinuation that if her grandfather had another stroke it would probably be fatal. So we did concern ourselves chiefly with commonplaces, Lydia concealing well her inevitable chagrin at having invited me, and the most profitable outcome of our discourse was the agreement that to order salad at a publick is a triumph of hope over experience.

December 22nd Edith Banning to luncheon, very doleful because Bobby has been dropped from his school, and forasmuch as the child is by no means stupid, I did hearten her considerably by setting her at the headmaster with inquiries as to what he can be thinking when he accepts a tremendous tuition sum and then falls down on his part of the contract, and, apropos of the letters which he has been writing about Bobby to the Bannings, how he would take it if he had paid a lawyer a large retainer, and then be solicited by the lawyer as to how legal business should be conducted. The main fault with these secondary schools, methinks, is that they are manned at starvation wages by uninspirational instructors, the latter being chosen largely for the fact that they were graduated *magna cum laude* in their subjects, and as Sam says, You know what kind of bird it usually is that heads the class in Latin. It does seem a pity that pedagogy is the least remunerative profession, when it should be one of the best, and were its profits more considerable, I am confident that more young men of suitable calibre would embark upon it, for surely not every college graduate does want to be a bootlegger or a bond salesman. Edith greatly set up by discourse to the foregoing effect, until she was almost able to go over to her dressmaker's and plan for a new evening gown, asking me if I thought the woman would deem her demented if she took in a magazine cut of Irene Castle to aid in her explanation of what she wanted, to which I did tactfully reply in the negative.

Baird Leonard.

Slightly Misunderstood

OPTIMIST: I like to see a broad smile, don't you?

FRIEND: If she does it at me—yes.

When YOU DONT GO HOME UNTIL MORNING

When Canfield was something more than a game of solitaire, when Annie Rooney was a popular song on the Bowery, many a gay New Yorker saw the sun come up before he rolled up the Avenue behind old Dobbin.

For 82 years New Yorkers have chased away the Hurley boys with a glass of Tarrant's Seltzer-Aperient on the mornings after the nights before. It clears the head promptly and puts one in the mood for his grapefruit.

Tarrant's is a marvelous saline that you drink like mineral water. It is pleasant to the taste and brings almost immediate relief.

Since 1844 doctors have prescribed Tarrant's for indigestion, constipation, headache, dyspepsia and rheumatism. 154,627 physicians' letters in our files testify to its effectiveness.

A little of this perfect blend of basic salts and other harmless ingredients in a glass of water makes a wonderful drink. Get a bottle of time-tested, time-proved Tarrant's from your druggist today. Make it a regular morning drink. Just ask for Tarrant's.

FIRST THING IN THE MORNING

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

ASK FOR
TARRANT'S

FIRST OIL MAGNATE: Business is terrible!

SECOND OIL MAGNATE: You said it. Let's go out and save the country from another Japanese war.

Clark's Famous Cruises

By CUNARD-ANCHOR new oil burners at rates including hotels, guides, drives and fees.

62 days, \$600 to \$1700
MEDITERRANEAN
s.s. "Transylvania" sailing Jan. 29

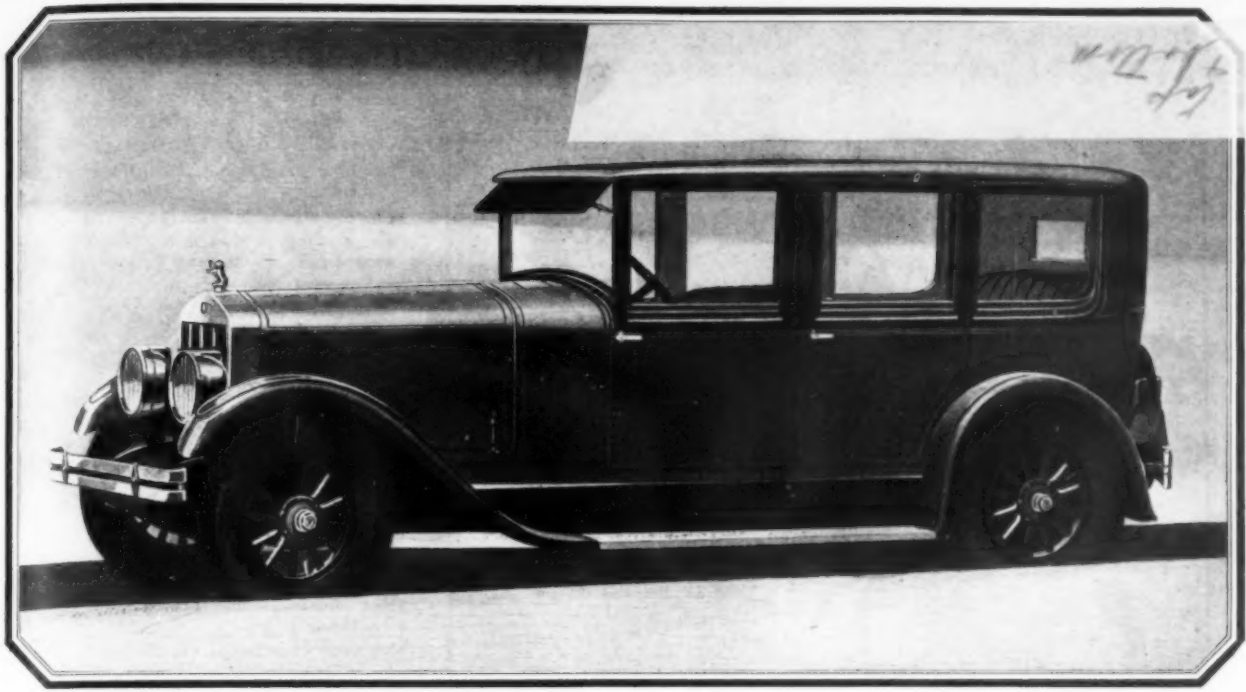
23rd cruise, including Madeira, Lisbon, Spain (Madrid—Cordova—Granada), Algiers, Tunis, Carthage, Athens, Constantinople, 15 days Palestine and Egypt, Italy, the Riviera. Europe stop-overs.

7th Round the World Cruise

Jan. 19, N. Y.; Feb. 5,
from Los Angeles; \$1250 up.

3rd Norway-Mediterranean Cruise
July 2; 52 days, \$600 to \$1300.

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This great car is the climax
of the Franklin policy of
always keeping ahead

ON VIEW AT ALL DEALERSHIPS. Now offered at the most favorable price in Franklin history, with a special 25th Anniversary Easy Ownership Plan also available.

FRANKLIN

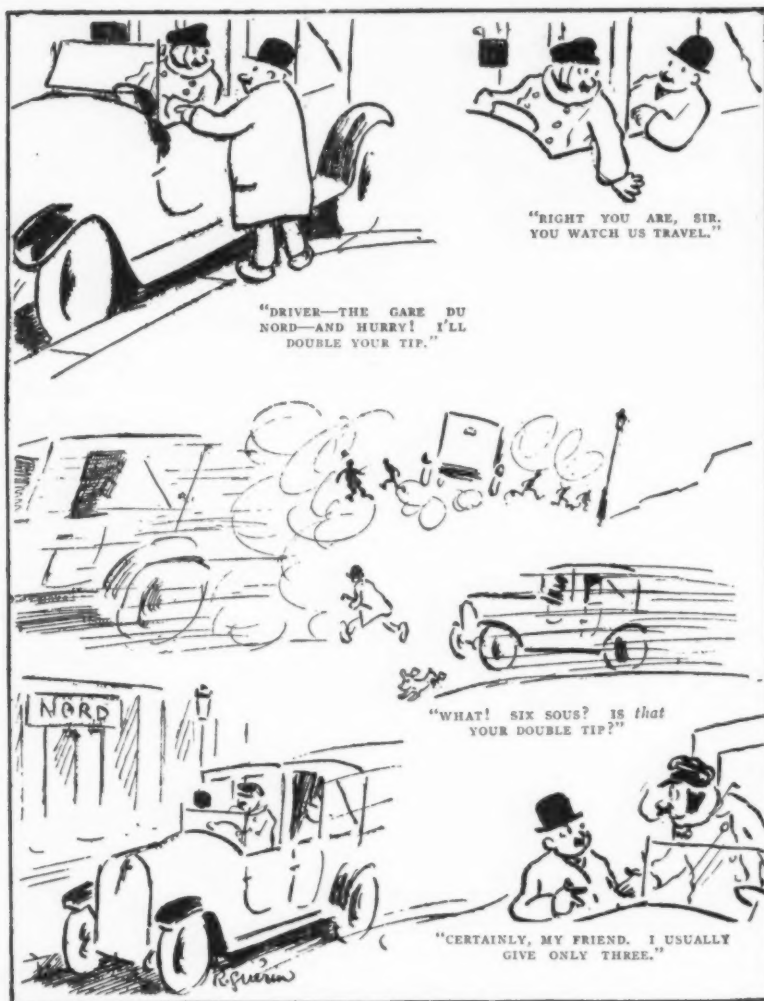
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COUPÉ NOW \$2490—SEDAN NOW \$2790

OTHER TYPES IN PROPORTION

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



The Literal-minded Fare

—Le Riro (Paris).

"How do you tune these jazz instruments?"

"You don't."

—Louisville Courier Journal.



"I'D WALK A MILE FOR YOU, DEARIE."

—Ohio State Sun Dial.

Aid in Preaching

Two colored men down in southern Indiana were bemoaning the hard times being felt in the agricultural district there. "Times is tighter than I ever seen them before," said one. "I can't even get hold of a nickel! If something don't turn up I'm going to start preaching. I done that once and I ain't too good to do it again."

—Indianapolis News.

Declined

"McDONALL, will ye not have a cigarette?"

"Thank ye, no. I never smoke wif gloves on. I canna stand the smell of burning leather."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"I DON'T like it," said the prospective tenant in Chicago. "No conveniences— not even built-in window-ledge pivots for machine guns."—*Columbia State.*

"JANE, it's eleven o'clock. Please tell that young man to shut the front door from the outside."—*Red Cat.*

To an Orange

IN days gone by we thought you rather vulgar,
Playing a humble—tho' not hidden—part,
The darling of the undiscerning many,
Sold from a stall (at two or three a penny)
Or coster's cart.

And yet at times, caught by your golden beauty,
One wondered—"Was't perchance such fruits as these
That tempted Atalanta's feet to dally,
Or burned among the boughs in some bright alley
Of the Hesperides?"

But all things change, and you are scorned no longer,
But honored, sought, acclaimed on pictured page;
No more your lovers are apologetic;
To be concerned with matters dietetic
Is all the rage.

And now you yield to neither pines nor peaches,
To muscats pale, nor delicate nectarines,
But cheerfully adorn the proudest table,
Since yours it is to bear the glorious label—

"Richest in Vitamines!"

—Rose Fyleman, in *The Spectator.*

Off They Come!

A PARTICULARLY stout lady, attired in very tight riding attire, was taking her morning canter in the Row, accompanied by her husband. Suddenly a button, unable to withstand the excessive pressure, flew off the lady's coat.

"Dear, dear," said the wearer fretfully. "What makes these buttons come off?"

"Ahem...force of habit, my dear," murmured her escort.

—*Sporting and Dramatic News.*

More Coolidge Economy

If the President has been reading any of the college novels that have been published in the last few years, he is exercising remarkable restraint in assigning only one Secret Service man to guard his son at Amherst.

—*New York Herald Tribune.*



"SURELY IT'S GOING TO GO DOWN."

"COAL?"

"NO—THE TEMPERATURE."

—*Le Canard Enchaîné (Paris).*

Trade Secrets

"I WANT a package of Aunt Jerusha's Rolled Wheat."

"Here it is, madam."

"This isn't what I want. This is 'Uncle Josh's Cereal Food.'"

"Yes, ma'am. It's exactly the same thing. Uncle Josh is Aunt Jerusha's other name."

"Who is Aunt Jerusha, anyhow?"

"Aunt Jerusha is a couple of old millionaire bachelors in Michigan!"

—Toronto Goblin.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Requiring Two More Bottles

"Did that patent medicine you bought cure your aunt?"

"Mercy, no! On reading the circular that was wrapped around the bottle she got two more diseases."

—Boston Transcript.

THERE is always a suspicion that something is held back when a woman hires the highest-priced lawyer in town to get her a divorce on the ground that her husband is unable to support her.

—Kansas City Star.



The Inmate: SALUTE ME! I AM LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE OF FRANCE!

The Visiting Doctor: WHY, THE LAST TIME I WAS HERE YOU WERE ANTONY, PRO-CONSUL OF EGYPT.

The Inmate: AH! BUT THAT WAS BY MY FIRST WIFE.

—Sketch Book and Winter's Pic.

Revived

THE lure of the auction sales was responsible. Mrs. Brown had returned in triumph with a massive brass name plate with an inscription on it.

Mr. Brown pressed hard for an explanation. "Well, dear, it was such a bargain," she urged.

"But what on earth can you use it for?"

Mrs. Brown stuck to her guns. "You can never say anything may not be very useful some day," she said firmly. "Supposing our daughter marries a man named Ernest Jones, who is a dentist, how valuable it will be to have the name plate ready."—London Daily News.

Glass Ginger Ale with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters delightful tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

The Spender

"WHY do you never trust your wife with any money?"

"She has no sales resistance."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A boy's best friend is his mother, and if he comes home late enough he may find her there.—Dallas News.

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Outfits for Winter Sport

Send for BROOKS'S Miscellany

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PALL MALL Cigarettes... Their quality never changes!... The same inimitable blend of rich Turkish tobaccos... The same appeal to good taste... and the same famous red box.

PALL MALL
SPECIALS

20 for 30¢

REGULARS [cork tip]
A shilling in London
A quarter here

KINGS [super size]
cork and plain
10 for 50¢

IN THE FAMOUS RED BOX

Commercial Candor (From the Houston Chronicle)

1925 HUDSON COACH

New paint, trunk, bumpers, seat covers. This car won't last long—\$875.

Terms—No Brokerage.

A. C. Burton & Co.

1400 Main. Preston 222.

THERE'S one consolation for Harvard graduates: they don't have to stay awake nights worrying about the number of first string Princeton football players who will be eligible for the team this year.



Artie's getting on in the big city

Being up to the minute in the ways of the world, Artie knew, was the secret of making the big town his oyster. So he got ahead.

He cast away old-fashioned ideas—even the slipping, temper-raising, raiment-spoiling squeezer that wrung juice from citrus fruits with such reluctant awkwardness.

Artie signed on the dotted line and got himself a Seald-Sweet Juice Extractor. So he is getting on in the big city.

Without fuss or mess, without casualties, the sparkling nectar cataracts into a glass. With a simple turn of the hand a Seald-Sweet Extractor robs a plump Florida grapefruit or orange of its juice . . . all is ready for the tall frosty glass.

What drinks! How wonderfully the juices of Seald-Sweet grapefruit or oranges blend with other beverages. Enticing, piquant and refreshing enough to capture Lorelei Lee.

Serve up refreshing drinks this modern way—the only way to keep up with the demand. Sign on the dotted line, today.

And remember, there's one-quarter more juice in Florida Seald-Sweet fruit.

The Seald-Sweet Extractor gets all the luscious juice from each Seald-Sweet orange or grapefruit. Its regular price is \$3.00—postage prepaid. \$3.15 West of the Rockies. We will send it to you for \$1.50 and 36 Seald-Sweet orange or grapefruit wrappers.

Check & mail the coupon

The Florida Citrus Exchange
1003 Citrus Exchange Bldg.
Tampa, Florida

☐ My check here is for one Seald-Sweet Juice Extractor. \$3.00—\$3.25

☐ My check here is for one Seald-Sweet Juice Extractor. \$1.50 and 36 Seald-Sweet orange or grapefruit wrappers enclosed

Name _____
Address _____



Rhymed Reviews

The Orphan Angel

By Elinor Wylie.

Alfred A. Knopf

HIS bark was wrecked when waves ran high;
Yet Shelley wasn't really lost on
The raging sea, but rescued by
A Yankee ship and brought to
Boston.

With David Butternut, in looks
And deeds a masculine two-fister,
He marched to rescue "Silver
Crooks,"
A late-lamented shipmate's sister.

They didn't really know her name,
Her residence, her place nor station;
They went to find her just the same
Through slowly gathered information.

And Shelley kept his princely air,
The sudden trick of going bye-low.
The women loved him everywhere.
The name he traveled on was
"Shiloh."

But he and David bravely strode
Through forests dark and marshes
mucky;
By peaceful river, trail and road
They made their way to old Ken-
tucky.

They crossed new deserts, plains and
streams
And, after sufferings horrific,
Beheld the maiden of their dreams
Beside the ultimate Pacific.

Still, Shelley wouldn't stay and take
The gentle Miss La Croix's de-
votion;
He vanished like a garter snake—
Eloped to China, I've a notion.

Just think of climbing all the shelves
And getting neither jam nor jelly!
His work aside, between ourselves,
I never *did* think much of Shelley.

Arthur Guiterman.

Now for the Armistice

GENE: Bob and May quarreled
so much while they were en-
gaged that they decided the only
way they could stop it was to get
married.

JEAN: I see. A war to end wars.

"EVERY American is interested
in some kind of game," the
European visitor observed. "One
can always safely begin a conversa-
tion by asking, 'What was the
score?'"

Russell PATTERSON



Makes a
\$150
Drawing
in a
Few Hours!

—and now teaches you
his original methods
in a series of 20 snappy
lessons — brimful with
sparkling interest from
the very start — a de-
parture from the
purely conventional.
This training consti-
tutes the last word in
Humorous Illustration,

teaching a New Art for a New Age—a
pleasant relief from the old style,
standardized instruction. Learn to draw
the dashing, peppy types that are all
the rage as exemplified by Mr. Patter-
son's numerous contributions to maga-
zines. Let him teach you his clever
technique. What profession could com-
pare with this in its irresistible appeal
or sheer earning power? Write now for
full information.

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Michigan Ave. at 20th St., Dept. 5
CHICAGO - - - ILLINOIS

Three Out of Five Have These

EXCUSE the paper.
Excuse the pen.
Excuse the pencil.
Hope you are well.
Colder than usual here.
Write soon.
Terrible cold.
Can you read this?
Such a racket going on.
Did I tell you...?
In haste.
P. S.

CALLOUSES

Quick, safe relief for callouses
and burning on bottom of feet.

At all drug and shoe stores—35c

Dr Scholl's
Zino-pads



Put one on—
the pain is gone!

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Will pay
Fifty Dollars
for
nickel of 1913 with Liberty head (no Buffalo). We pay
cash premiums for all rare coins. Send 4c for Large
Coin Folder. May mean much profit to you.

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When the Doctor must get through ~

SWIRLING snow—slippery pavements—traffic-choked streets—crowds pressing at crosswalks—**B-E-E-E-P—B-E-E-E-P—** heads up!—the Doctor is answering a hurry call—somebody's life hanging in the balance—every second counts—**B-E-E-E-P—B-E-E-E-P—** the way is cleared—on he goes with pace unslackened.

The Doctor knows what it means to be in a hurry. And he knows the NORTHEASTER can get him there without a lost moment and in safety. *You're in a hurry sometimes. Have a NORTHEASTER on your car.*



NORTHEASTER

The Horn with that Smart Vibrant Tone
The Horn with the Quick Response
The Horn That Lasts
~ The Horn You Want ~

There's the right NORTHEASTER
at the right price for every car.



Life and Letters

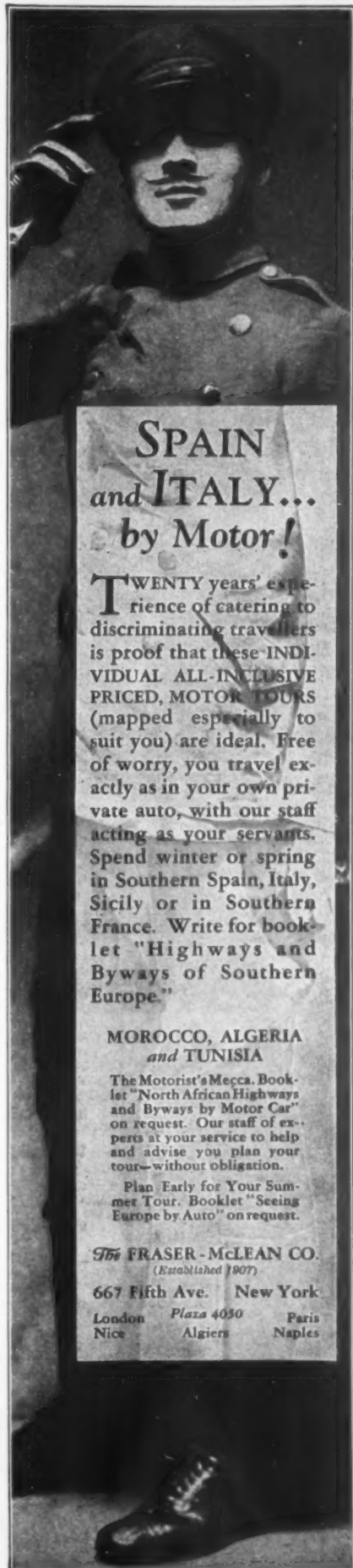
(Continued from page 22)

was inevitable. The only characterization even approaching Miss Parrish's customary form is that of *Carrie*, of whom *Kate* said that it was too lovely a day for her to spend indoors, after she had put the broom handle through the china-closet door and fallen downstairs with a nest of cut-glass bowls.

"LITTLE PITCHERS," by Isa Glenn (*Knopf*), takes its title from a sentence exasperatingly reminiscent of childhood and tells about a little boy who had a terrible time because he was dragged all over the earth by his parents and never got more than the beginnings or ends of broken sentences. It starts off with *Michael's* "remembering back" in the manner with which Miss May Sinclair innocently incited so many lesser scribes to riot, and if you can get through the childish prattle about "Muvver" this and "Favver" that, you will emerge into as much of a vague narrative as the author considers suitable to be filtered through the psychology of a child who was admittedly moonstruck. The continuous bickering of *Michael's* parents is therefore not much clearer or more interesting to us than it was to him. I never did get quite what was the matter with his "muvver." She was beautiful and discontented, and held it against *Michael's* father that his work kept him in parts of the world where she could not express herself. Just what she had to express is not given out. So she philandered outrageously, and why her husband didn't give her the good beating which she so rightfully merited is one of those mysteries on which there is no time to ratiocinate on the day before New Year's. She is supposed to get her come-uppance through the untimely death of *Michael's* father, and so we leave her, with the ardent hope that her son grows up and marries a chorus girl.

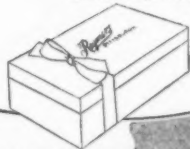
"READ 'EM AND WEEP," by Sigmund Spaeth (*Doubleday, Page*), is a history of American songs from the days of John Adams's political campaign to "There's a New Star in Heaven Tonight" (dedicated to the late Rudolph Valentino). It has the words and treble clef of most of the "songs you forgot to remember," and in this connection fills a long-felt personal want, for now I can sing "The Little Lost Child" straight through without "la-la-ing" for two lines.

Baird Leonard.





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Short-Order Fiction The Adolescent Odyssey

I.

SO it came to this; life had a meaning only when you exalted it beyond mere breath, mere earthliness; when you made of it a symbol and a goal; when you personalized it and identified it with the throbbing ego within you.

"For," he told himself, "we live fully and significantly only when we know we live. The majority of mankind is irrational; he who refuses to accept life in isolated fragments, who blends it all into a reasoned, compact entity, holds the secret of happiness within him."

He told himself a great deal more. He was an excellent listener.

II.

"—and furthermore, Bernard Shaw says—" the young girl was saying. Shaw? Who was that? She had mentioned a number of other authors equally foreign to him. He felt ashamed of his ignorance.

That year he read Shaw, Ibsen, Hardy, Conrad, Galsworthy, Maugham, Maeterlinck, Dostoevsky, Gogol, Phillips, and anybody else that will make this sound like an authentic literary autobiography.

III.

No, there was no sympathy to be gained from his parents. Both wanted him to be a business man, practical. Practical! They were fools, crude fools who could not understand him.

Outside the dusk fell, softly, insinuatingly, like a fine rain of powder. Yes, he would go for a walk. What else was there to do? He went out.

His mother bolted the door behind him three times, and clamped the windows tight. Now he could never get in again.

The Russian Translation

ALEXIS DMITROVITCH KIRISHENKOV thrust open the moldy door of Katerina Ivanovna Prokofieff's damp rooms and met the sneering eyes of Lyov Pavlovych (who had only two names and was accordingly held in low repute). His thin lips held a wry smile.

"You might have knocked at the door," he said acidly.

"The door?" muttered Alexis in confusion. "Oh, the door—there. Well, then. So. The central character in a Russian novel never knocks at doors. He runs in and out of houses without order. So. Now. Didn't you know that, you earless loon?" he screamed, by now thoroughly enraged. "See here, I want you to listen. It is only a brief story, illustrating Kropotkin's—or is it Turgenev's?—theory that progressive life is founded on mutual aid. Well, I was watching a little boy near Kosciusko Square kicking about a bright pebble, and I asked him, 'Why are you here?' Now listen. He looked up smilingly and answered, 'Even so, little father.' Do you hear? 'Even so, little father!' See here." By now Alexis was in a perfect frenzy. "Where is Rinushka?"

The sneer on Lyov Pavlovych's face deepened. "Do you mean Katerina Ivanovna Prokofieff? So. Well, then. How is the reader to understand your quaint abbreviation?"

The question sent Kirishenkov into a raving fury. With a hoarse muffled cry he leapt forward, and seizing Lyov by the throat, swiftly strangled him.

The bedroom door opened and Katerina Ivanovna peered anxiously in. "Oh, have you killed him?" she called gaily. "Thank Heaven. These Slavonic stories never get really interesting until an inexplicable murder occurs—afterwards, of course, to be elucidated by subtle psychological processes. See here. Well, then. So. Who is your next prey?"

Simonetta.

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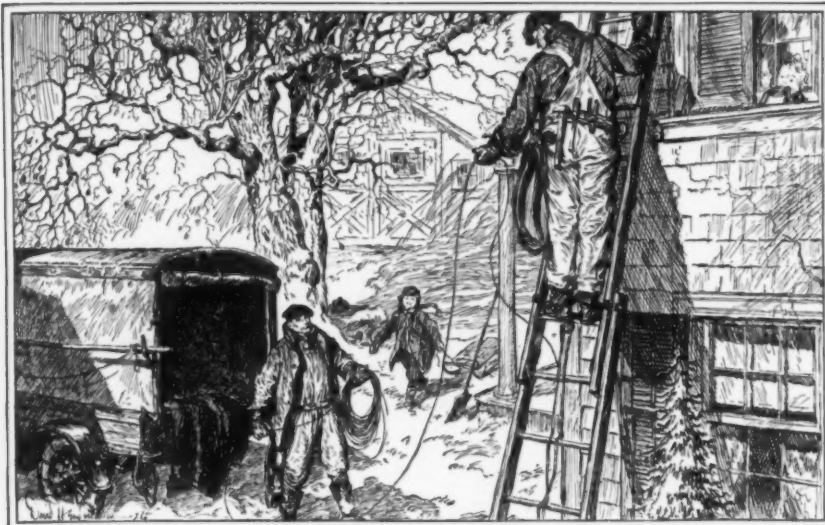
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White buckskin oxford trimmed with tan calfskin . . . Near you, a leading store features this superior footwear.



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*An Advertisement of
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*



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Each telephone call may be compared to a taxicab, whose destination is controlled by the subscriber. The telephone company extends its wires to the homes and offices of those who desire service, placing its telephones within immediate reach. The call is made at the time, from the point, and to the place

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At the disposal of each telephone subscriber are the talking channels of the entire Bell System. He may make a call a few or thousands of miles, and he may extend his voice to any point, to any person who has a telephone.

This is the essence of communication. Because of it, the number of telephones has increased in the last five years three times as fast as population. Because of it, the Bell System carries more than twenty billion messages in the course of a year.

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"UNUSUAL!"

"Exceptional!"

"World famous!"

"Shaped in steel!"

"Tower of the immortals!"

"Will go down the ages!"

"Backed by a great name!"

"The trademark of a nation!"

"More than one million satisfied users!"

"Highest peak of man's achievement!"

"I'll bet it isn't. The Woolworth Tower's higher. Let's look it up."

☐ 17284

W. W. Scott.

WE read that motorists in New Jersey will be required to have their eyes tested before they can obtain a 1927 driving license. This is an excellent reform. They've been missing altogether too many pedestrians lately.

W. W. Scott.

Skirt and Shoes

"TIME was when you were close to me.

You'd sometimes stroke my face,
But lowly though I still must be

You're in a higher place.

But, oh, remember as you sway

Above me, blithe and pert,

You made me what I am to-day!"

The Shoe said to the Skirt.

"Why, yes, indeed. You were a sight,

Untidy and unkempt,

And now you're trig and trim and bright,

From patches quite exempt.

To help you on in life I've tried,

And all you've said is true.

And so I hope you're satisfied,"

The Skirt said to the Shoe.

Still girlish craft defy the gales

Although life's sea is grim;

The mariners show shortened sails

And underpinnings trim.

To change the trope: though critics rage

The girls their notions flout,

And while their Skirts are still Up-stage

Their Shoes are Stepping Out.

Griffith Alexander.

What Time Is It?

"WHAT time's it? My watch is fast, what time you got?... My watch says twelve-twenty-three, what time you got?... Mine says seventeen after. You must be fast. ... Yeah, my watch is fast. Twelve-seventeen, you say?... Yeah, seventeen after—or maybe eighteen after; not more than eighteen after. You're fast. ... Yeah, I know I'm fast. My watch is fast. ... You're six minutes fast. My watch is right. ... Yeah, I set it that way—fast, six minutes or seven minutes fast. I always like it fast. ... Yeah, you're fast, all right. My watch is right. I always set it right. You're fast. ... My watch is six minutes fast the way I set it. I can always tell. ... Yeah? Why don't you set it right? You're fast. ... I know I'm fast. I like it that way—five or six minutes fast. Then I'm never late. ... You're six minutes fast by my watch. ... What time you got?... Twelve-twenty-three just. ... Then I'm fast, all right. ... Yeah, six minutes fast. ... That's right, six minutes fast like I set it." *Foster Ware.*

CUSTOMER: Fifteen dollars and ten cents a quart? Why the ten cents?

BOOTLEGGER: That's the war tax for the last gang fight.

